

APPLETONS' JOURNAL

LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

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No. 143.—VOL. VI.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1871.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH.

"BE thankful that you have no ruins in your country!" said an Englishman to an American.

There was good sense, perhaps, in the pithy advice, but how much

England and France, with their dire associations of class oppression, wrong, and the rule of might as opposed to right. They are very harmless now—these poor old castles!—and from the overthrown



BLANDFORD CHURCH, VIRGINIA.

of the beneficent spirit of poesy that absence of old memorials of the past crushes! Of danger to the present there can be absolutely none in possessing ruins. The feudal times are gone, and no sane human being would wish to recall that age of frowning castles, donjon-keeps, and robber strongholds, such as flourished along the Rhine, and in

masses spring flowers of poesy and beauty such as will grow in ruins. Is it desired to extend the anathema further to the moss-grown walls of the Tintern Abbeys and Melroses, where the choral voices rang, and the light through the oriel windows fell on penitents kneeling in prayer? Such ruins are not repulsive, and the absence of them may

even be regretted. It is unfortunate, I think, that we have none such in this new land of the West, to temper with their dreamy beauty the somewhat hard spirit of "civilization," and the passionate longing for material enjoyment.

And yet, after all, we have some ruins. In Virginia and elsewhere the curious explorers of remote sylvan haunts find old ivy-mantled walls, long deserted, and now crumbling away, which once resounded with hymns and the voices of worshippers. Our old churches are nearly the sole ruins of the land, and in many parts of the country these ruins are tolerably numerous. The present writer is familiar with many, and they have afforded him a sad pleasure. Visiting the remains of "Old Norborne Church," in Jefferson—a lonely relic in the middle of green fields—he saw pass before him the far-off days when Washington knelt there before the long-crumbled chancel; and, as a dove flew out of its nest in a niche of the stones, it seemed as though the deserted locality were presided over by the spirit of peace! At "Blandford Church," in the eastern suburbs of Petersburg, the past seemed to return with the same distinctness, and a few words in regard to this "venerable pile" may interest some readers.

"Old Blandford" is an ivy-clad ruin, and dates back nearly a century and a half, long before presidents and republics, when George II. was king. The origin of the ancient house of God was, as in other instances, characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race. These worthy people, our ancestors, had, first of all, a passion for acquiring land and "settling;" then they proceeded without delay to establish law and religion. The rude court-house followed the rude cabin, the plain church came after the court-house. "Old Blandford" grew up from small beginnings. In 1611 Sir Thomas Dale settled a colony at Bermuda Hundreds—the peninsula between James River and the Appomattox—and, as the latter stream was then called *Bristol* River, he styled the parish "Bristol." Soon the settlers began to extend up the Bristol or Appomattox, and finally reached "the falls," where as yet, however, there was no city of Petersburg. Here they built a wooden church on "Wills's Hill" about 1720; but, finding it unsuitable, they, in 1737, proceeded to erect near it a good brick edifice. The contract, to use the modern phrase, was given to Mr. Thomas Ravenscroft; he was to build a church sixty feet by twenty-five, the aisle to be paved with "white Bristol stone," and for his work he was to be paid four hundred and eighty-five pounds sterling. The church was accordingly erected, but in 1752 was found too small. An addition, thirty by twenty-five feet, was then made to it; the building assumed its present shape of a T, and "Blandford Church," as it was now called, became the "mother church" of the frontier.

In those days it stood on the confines of civilization—beyond it were only adventurous settlers and Indians. But the locality had already attracted the penetrating eyes of one of the ablest men of that day—Colonel William Byrd. This worthy, travelling in 1733 to visit his possessions, the "Land of Eden," on Roanoke River, was struck, on his return by the "falls" of the James and the Appomattox. Here, as he declares, he "laid the foundations of two cities, one at Shocco's, to be called Richmond, and the other at the point of Appomattox River, to be called Petersburg. Thus, we did not only build castles in the air," adds the witty colonel, "but cities also!" In due time the cities in the air became actual realities—the master of Westover having the habit of accomplishing whatever he undertook. Instead of one town, not less than four grew up around the solitary church in the wilderness—Blandford, Petersburg, Pocahontas, and Ravenscroft—the latter, doubtless, taking its name from Thomas Ravenscroft, the architect of "Old Blandford." These towns remained separate until the year 1784, when by act of Legislature they were all united and incorporated under the name of Petersburg.

At that time Blandford Church was already old, as we have seen, and few persons could tell how it came by its name, the town of Blandford having received its own name from the church, not the church from the town. The place of worship was so styled after the pious and respectable family of Bland—old English people who came to the region long before its establishment, settled, and became benefactors of the "Bristol" parish. Several members of this family afterward attained to distinction—among them the venerable Richard Bland, called the "Virginia Antiquary," for his knowledge of characters; and Colonel Theodorick Bland, a brave soldier of the Revolution, and high in the esteem of Washington. The Blands, for generation after generation, worshipped in this old church bearing their

name; and the Bollings, Archers, Munfords, Randolphins, Harrisons, and a host of representatives of old-time families, were vestrymen. It would be interesting, did our space permit, to go back to that remote, ante-revolutionary period, when the Virginians lived, as Sir William Berkeley said, "in a gentlemanly conformity to the Church of England," and when Presbyterians, Quakers, Baptists, and "New Lights," as dissenters were then called, were regarded with unconcealed enmity and jealousy. Those times, we are glad to say, were not as our times. The parson of the parish, in many instances, played cards, hunted the fox, and did not refrain from festive and convivial enjoyment in the mansions of his parishioners. Hundreds of anecdotes, as amusing as they are discreditable, remain to define the characters of many of these unworthy clergymen, and one of these may be taken as a specimen. The Rev. Mr. —, of — parish, was a gentleman of irascible temper, domineering spirit, and managed, on many occasions, to come in conflict with the members of his vestry—old nabobs with powdered hair, in silk stockings, and enormously tenacious of the respect due them. Unfortunately, they had the Rev. Mr. — to deal with. On one occasion the dispute between parson and vestry culminated. They came eventually to blows, the parson pulled off the wig of one of the nabobs, and hustled them all out of the vestry-room, receiving a "black eye" himself—but in spite of this ornament, which he covered with a patch, he appeared in his pulpit on the following Sunday, and preached from the text from the book of Nehemiah:

"And I contended with them, and smote them, and plucked forth their hair!"

Another perfectly authentic incident was that of the pious and excellent Parson T—, of the Valley, who, falling into a passion one day with a person who had insulted him, stripped off his clerical robe and threw it upon the ground, exclaiming: "Lie there, Divinity, while I thrash Rascality!"

That such "parsons of the parish" officiated at Blandford, we have no authority to assert, but the eighteenth century was the age of such, as well as of high-living and somewhat lax communicants. It should be observed, however, that these old members of the "Church of England" were punctual in their attendance at church, and regarded "assembling themselves together" as a duty. The walls of Blandford, now so silent and deserted, saw in those days the members of that old society, in embroidery, lace, ruffles, and powder, rolling up in their coaches, which the four horses could scarce drag through the heavy roads, to take their places decorously in the family pew, and listen attentively to the parson, reading his homily in the high pulpit under the sounding-board.

In due time came the Revolution, and Blandford Church witnessed some new scenes. Petersburg was occupied first by General Phillips, and then by Arnold "the traitor;" and the English officers, who had their headquarters at "Bollingbrook House," visited and must have admired the beauty of the church, which, by its position, was exempted from the fire consuming so many buildings. Frequently "all around was in a light blaze," and the silver vessels, used in administering the sacrament, had a narrow escape from the clutch of the soldiery. Valuables of this description were hidden away in cellars, or buried in the earth; and the tradition still lingers that Arnold, on one occasion, descended into a cellar to hunt for silver plate—perhaps into the very place of concealment of the sacred vessels mentioned—passing within only a few feet of them without discovering their hiding-place. Then came a day when the walls of Blandford looked down upon a melancholy spectacle. Red-coated soldiers were seen slowly and solemnly advancing into the graveyard—the music of a dirge was heard—and a British officer was laid in the earth with military ceremony. This officer was the English commander-in-chief, General Phillips. Attacked by bilious fever, he lay in anguish, at the Bollingbrook House, during the cannonade directed upon the town by Lafayette from Archer's Hill near by. So hot did the fire at last become, that the sick man was removed to the cellar, exclaiming, as he was borne thither, "Won't they let me die in peace!" He lingered for a few days only, and then expired, and was buried in Blandford graveyard. There still repose the remains of the soldier called by Jefferson "the proudest man of the proudest nation on earth."

"Old Blandford" continued to be used as a place of worship until 1802, when, Petersburg having extended westward, the inhabitants determined to build another church. This was done—Bland-

ford was abandoned—and the building was left to battle with storm, and rain, and snow. Age and these hostile influences soon told upon it. The massive walls, with their covering of ivy, resisted; but slowly the windows, doors, pews, and all the wood-work disappeared, leaving the edifice a shell—the ghost of its former self.

As such it appears to-day—a venerable memorial of the past. It has been visited by many thousands of persons; among the rest by the comedian Tyrone Power, who wrote, *impromptu*, with his lead-pencil, the subjoined lines on the eastern side of the south door of the edifice. For twenty years they remained quite legible, but during the war some sacrilegious hand scrawled over many of the lines, so defacing them as to render them entirely illegible. They were written as follows:

"Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile,
Thou art hast'ning to thy fall,
And round thee in thy loneliness
Clings the ivy to thy wall.
The worshippers are scattered, now,
Who knelt before thy shrine,
And silence reigns where anthems rose
In 'days of auld lang syne.'

"And sadly sighs the wand'ring wind,
Where oft in years gone by,
Prayer rose from many hearts to Him—
The Highest of the High.
The tread of many a noiseless foot,
That sought thy aisles is o'er,
And many a weary heart around
Is stilled for evermore.

"Though oft ambitious Hope takes wing,
How droops the spirit now!
We hear the distant city's din—
The dead are mute below.
The sun that shone upon their path,
Now gilds their lowly graves,
The zephyr which once fanned their brows,
The grass above them waves.

"Oh, could we call the many back,
Who've gathered here in vain,
Who've careless roved where we do now,
Who'll never meet again:
How would our very hearts be stirred
To meet the earnest gaze
Of the lovely and the beautiful—
The light of other days!"

The illustration accompanying this sketch affords an accurate idea of the venerable ruin, whose "simple annals" have been laid before the reader. Around the crumbling walls, and sleeping sweetly in their shadow, lie the good "forefathers of the hamlet" of Petersburg, whose names and memories would have disappeared but for the half-erased inscriptions on their tombs. Over these moss-covered tombstones, the larch, the cedar, and the pine, seem to keep watch and ward; above, towers the ghostly ruin with its mantle of ivy; and the melancholy whippoorwill, with his plaintive cry, seems to be the genius of the spot.

JOHN ESTEN COOK.

LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE."

CHAPTER IX.—HOW THEY ALL WENT DOWN TO HIGH BEECH.

BUT now the morning of the 1st of June came, and the weather was as lovely as only June can be. The air was heavy with the lingering fragrance of May, and seringa, and mignonette; the gardens were bright with blush-roses and scarlet geranium. If any one wonders at this, let him remember that the summer came in all of a rush in 1870, because the sun was so hot.

Lady Carlton had told all her visitors to be sure to come by the 3.30 train from Victoria, and she promised to send and fetch them from the station to High Beech. You are not to know the name of the station; so you must be content to be told that it was not an hour's distance from town.

We need scarcely say that Colonel Barker and his wife were the first to reach Victoria. The colonel had surprised the Ram Chowdah by being half an hour earlier in the assault than had been anticipated; and, by taking time by the forelock, he and the forlorn hope

had escaped being blown to pieces. He had ever been a punctual man, but this event made him doubly aware of the importance of time. Some people would have fretted at having to wait, like Mrs. Barker, half an hour doing nothing at a railway-station; but, then, they were not as Mrs. Barker.

"Surely, our time is our own, and we may spend it as we like," she used to say; "and, besides, Colonel Barker hates being late."

Dear old thing! to please her husband she would have waited gladly five hours at any station in the world.

So they were the first. Next came Lady Sweetapple, driving up in her brougham, and behind her came her maid in a cab, with such a load of luggage!

"Call this a reasonable quantity of luggage!" said the cabman, who had only received three times his fare, and therefore was rather put out. "Why, that box is as big as three common boxes; and, besides, there are three others, not to mention that long one covered with linen."

"Never you mind whether it's reasonable or not," said Mrs. Crump, for that was the name of Lady Sweetapple's maid. "You've got your fare and sixpence each for the boxes, and I should like to know what more you want?"

With these words Mrs. Crump followed a porter and a whole truck of luggage into the station, and, having taken her mistress's ticket and her own, looked out for her in the waiting-room.

But Lady Sweetapple was not in the waiting-room. There was no one there but poor Mrs. Barker, sitting like Patience on a monument, while Colonel Barker had just gone out to buy a newspaper.

Where was Lady Sweetapple? On the platform, though it was at least a quarter of an hour before the train was to start, gazing up and down, and evidently expecting some one.

That some one soon arrived in the shape of Harry Fortescue, who came lazily walking along with Edward Vernon, to whom he left the charge of seeing their portmanteaus labelled while he talked with Lady Sweetapple.

"I thought you were never coming," said Lady Sweetapple; "that you would lose the train; and all sorts of dreadful things. But it is all right; and now let us secure a carriage."

As she said this, she walked off with Harry, leaving Edward Vernon and her maid to follow. Close on their heels came Mr. Beeswing and Count Pantouffles, who had arrived together; and so the end of all Lady Sweetapple's scheming for a carriage ended in Harry, Edward, Count Pantouffles, Mr. Beeswing, her ladyship, and Mrs. Crump, all getting into one and the same carriage.

They all knew one another more or less well, and none of them knew Colonel Barker and his wife. That worthy pair shortly afterwards stalked along the platform, and got into the next compartment; during which operation Harry Fortescue had time enough to survey the colonel, and pronounce him a regular brick, while, as for Mrs. Barker's attire, he declared to Lady Sweetapple that it was "positively stunning."

"I never saw such a dress except in England," said Lady Sweetapple. "When will English ladies learn to study the harmony of colors in dress?"

It must be admitted that Mrs. Barker's attire was sufficiently alarming, and it might have been dangerous to walk with her in a field of oxen, or bulls, as young ladies will persist in calling them. But, then, it must be remembered that she dressed, as she lived, to please her husband; and, if the colonel abhorred any thing, it was dull, sad colors. In fact, he had lived so long with soldiers and their red coats that his eyes were spoiled for any thing less glaring.

And now the train is ready to start, and the whistle is given which sends it off, when a frantic pair are perceived tearing along the platform, only just in time to be too late. Who were they? Of course, they belonged to our party, and they are the Marjorams. Mrs. Marjoram made desperate efforts, and called shrilly, and telegraphed to the guard with her parasol, bidding her husband to be a man and jump in. But it was all no use.

"Train five minutes late already, ma'am," said the inspector of traffic, to whom she appealed, "and, as for getting into a train while it is in motion, that is punished by a penalty of forty shillings by the by-laws of the company."

All, then, that remained for Mrs. Marjoram was to fall back on the unhappy Marjoram, and abuse him before all the porters for being late, though it was entirely her own fault; for she had waited ever so

long for a new bonnet, which her milliner, with the usual faithlessness of her class, had promised and never sent home. So far from Mr. Marjoram having been the cause of the delay, he had been ready twenty minutes or more, with his gloves on his hands and his hat on his head, waiting for Mrs. Marjoram, who would not give the milliner up, and so lost the train.

As for the rest, they proceeded happily on their way. Lady Sweetapple looked at Harry Fortescue, and Harry returned her gaze. Mrs. Crump sat huddled up in a corner, looking most respectable. Any one would have given her a penny for her thoughts, she seemed so lost in them. Perhaps she was thinking of "my lady's" last new dress; perhaps of the green-grocer round the corner, who had so often asked her to throw her lot and her savings into his business, and become his wife.

The first attempt at conversation was when Count Pantouffles told Edward Vernon that the Chelsea Suspension Bridge was "very fine"—a remark that he shortly followed up by observing that the weather was finer than it had been yesterday.

"Yes, count," said Mr. Beeswing, "and I shouldn't wonder if tomorrow were finer than either, and the day after finer than all three."

"Dear me, Mr. Beeswing," said the count, "you are always so witty! No one can hold his own against you."

"Perhaps it depends on how much they have to hold, and whether it's worth holding," broke in Lady Sweetapple.

How much more of this very instructive conversation might have been heard, it is impossible to say, had not the count all at once put his hand up to his face, and cried out:

"Oh, my eye!"

"What's the matter with your eye?" asked Mr. Beeswing.

"Oh, it has got what you call a coal in it, which came in through the window."

The pain which the dandy really suffered made all sympathize with him; but none of their offers of assistance to get what he called the coal out of his eye did him any good, till Mrs. Crump awoke from her reverie, and got the cinder out for him by pulling the upper eyelid over the under one, and so forcing out the obnoxious atom.

This gave the count immediate relief, and he was profuse in his thanks.

Mr. Beeswing turned to Mrs. Crump, and said:

"That was what I call having one's wits in the right place. How did you learn that bit of surgery?"

"From an engine-driver as was a friend of mine down in the west, sir. He used to say he never knewed it to fail." And, having said so much, Mrs. Crump relapsed into her reveries.

But here we are at the station. Out they all get. Those five and Mrs. Crump out of one carriage, and Colonel and Mrs. Barker out of the next. Harry Fortescue ought to have felt ashamed for having laughed at Mrs. Barker on the platform in town, but he did not.

"Any one waiting for us from High Beech?" asked the colonel, who always had his wits about him.



"Call this a reasonable quantity of luggage!" said the cabman."

"Yes, sir," said the porter. "Two carriages, and a cart for the luggage."

When the colonel and his wife on one side, and Lady Sweetapple and her train on the other, found they were going to the same place, they all behaved for a few minutes in the true British way. They stared at one another like wild beasts caught in a trap. If they had not been restrained by the force of circumstances and by fear, they would have eaten one another up bodily; as it was, they only stared at one another.

While Mrs. Crump and the valets of those who had that appendage looked after the luggage, and while Colonel Barker, and Harry, and Edward, looked after theirs, the colonel being in great trouble till he saw Mrs. Barker's big black box shot out on the platform, the rest of the party—that is to say, Lady Sweetapple, Count Pantouffles, Mr. Beeswing, and Mrs. Barker—went to look for the carriages. It must be owned that Mrs. Barker went in great fear and trembling with all these strangers, and her eyes were often turned in the direction of the luggage-van, where the colonel was contending with heaps of strange boxes in the effort to recognize his own.

"How are we to go?" said Mr. Beeswing. "Here are two carriages—a break and a brougham. If it were wet weather, we should have no choice. We should put your ladyship and this lady"—turning to Mrs. Barker with an inquiring air.

"My name is Barker," said that lady.

"Exactly so," went on Mr. Beeswing. "We should put Lady Sweetapple and Mrs. Barker into the brougham, and then we men could go nicely into the break."

"Oh," said Lady Sweetapple, who much dreaded a drive of three miles in a close carriage with any strange lady—"oh, but, as the weather is fine, I mean to go in the break. I hate to be boxed up in a close carriage."

"With all my heart," said Mr. Beeswing. "I shall only be too happy, as in any case I shall have to go in the break."

Just at this moment up came Colonel Barker, and Harry, and Edward, while Mrs. Crump, surrounded by a band of valets and porters, loomed in the distance behind a mountain of luggage.

"How shall we go?" was what Colonel Barker heard as he came; and he caught up the words at once, as he was a man of few words and much action.

"How shall we go? Why, if the ladies choose to go in the shut carriage, of course they must have it. If not, and they don't mind the sun and wind, they had better go in the break. Only let them say how they will go."

"I am going in the break," said Lady Sweetapple, in a soft, determined voice.

"And I should like to go in the brougham, dear," said Mrs. Barker.

"Well, then," said Colonel Barker, "if no one else wishes to go in the brougham, I will go in it with my wife, and we can take that lady's maid on the box."

"Yes, that will do very nicely," said Lady Sweetapple, whose heart was set more and more on going in the break. Of course we all know, if she had done what she really liked, she would have driven over to High Beech, with Harry Fortescue, in the brougham; but we also all know that that would have been improper, and, as there is to be nothing improper, or approaching to it, in this story, it can't be allowed.

So it was all arranged to every one's pleasure, and the only objector to this exit from the station would have been the horse that drew the cart which carried the luggage, for it was piled up with boxes and portmanteaus like a little Alp; but then we all know horses and other beasts of burden can't speak; and very fortunate it is, or else we should hear many complaints and protestations from brute beasts on all roads and streets, both in town and country.

"What a great party!" said Mrs. Barker to her husband. "How glad I am not to go with that fine lady in the brougham, but to have you with me, dear! What do you think her name is?"

"How can I tell?" said Colonel Barker. "But I did hear some one call her Lady Sweetop, or some such name. I wonder if that foreign-looking fellow with the black mustache is her husband? Looks rather like an Italian singer."

"Now, Jerry," said Mrs. Barker, "don't you leave me too long alone with any of those strange people. I never feel happy except when you are there to take care of me; and, if it weren't to please you, you know I would never have come."

"Never fear," said the colonel, "I won't leave you. I only came because I thought it would do you good. But didn't we hear the Marjorams were to be of the party? Where are they, I wonder?"

"What!" said Mrs. Barker; "do you mean to say you didn't see Mrs. Marjoram running along the platform, and calling out to the guard to stop?"

"Pon my life, I didn't," said the colonel. "I suppose I was settling myself into my seat, or putting the tickets into my pocket, or something. No, I never saw Mrs. Marjoram."

"There she was, though," said Mrs. Barker; "and I am afraid poor Mr. Marjoram must have had a bad time of it: she looked more snappish than usual."

"No," said Colonel Barker to himself, in a musing way; "no, I wouldn't change places with Marjoram, not if I were to be made commander-in-chief. I wonder why it is that Mrs. Marjoram leads him such a life?"

"Don't you know, dear?" said Mrs. Barker. "It's because she has taken it into her silly head to be jealous of him. And you know, when a woman takes to jealousy, it is like sweet wine turned into vinegar—the more she loves him, the more unkind she is to him."

"Don't you ever be jealous, then," said Colonel Barker. "I couldn't bear to see you become a vinegar-cruet."

"Never fear, dear," said Mrs. Barker. "I know you too well not to feel sure that you will never give me any cause."

And so the loving pair went on, as though they had just been married, and the gallant colonel were twenty-five and Mrs. Barker just out of her teens. Very silly to those who look on, you will say; but then you must remember there were no lookers-on, and, as for silliness, all love-making looks silly to those who look on, at whatever age it is made; so none of you mind, or waste your spite at what passed between Colonel and Mrs. Barker in Lady Carlton's brougham. It was enough for them and for us to know that they were supremely happy, and that they would not have changed places with any couple in the country.

The party in the break were much more lively, but not nearly so happy, as that faithful pair. Lady Sweetapple kept her great eyes fixed on Harry Fortescue, and Mr. Beeswing told Count Pantouffles that night at High Beech that he was afraid she would have eaten him up, body and bones, like the wolf in "Red Riding-hood." Count Pantouffles smiled and showed his teeth much as usual, but he had no opportunity for bowing. Edward Vernon chatted away to Mr. Beeswing, though all the while he was thinking of Alice Carlton. As for Harry Fortescue, he, too, rattled away, now answering Edward, now provoking Mr. Beeswing to say something good, now turning to Lady Sweetapple to hear if she were going to say anything; but she said scarcely a word, but looked and looked at him—they sat opposite to one another—as though she could never have her full of gazing at him.

At last Harry Fortescue began to feel as though he were magnetized, and could bear it no longer, and proposed to the count to change places with him. The wind was strong in their faces, and he pretended to think that it would be better for the count's eye that he should sit with his back to the wind, especially as the horses went at a good pace.

"Ah, my dear fellow, how kind of you!" said the count. "I shall change my place with the greatest pleasure."

In all that concerned his looks, the count was most sensitive; and he would no more have gone about with a swollen eye than he would have appeared in public without his hat. When that change was accomplished, and Harry Fortescue was out of eyeshot of the siren, he began to recover his absence of mind, and fell to thinking how Florence Carlton would look, and if she would be glad to see him.

What a pity it is, is it not? that we do not know other people's thoughts, and that we are so often left to mere guesswork to discover what they think of us! If Harry Fortescue had known that all this time, while he was being gazed at and magnetized by Lady Sweetapple, Florry Carlton was dying with impatience to see him, and making her maid put some final touches to her hair intended for his especial favor, he might have defied the glances of the siren. As no man, it is said, can have more than one disease at a time, so we hold it to be impossible that a man can be in love, or even much taken, with two women at once. But you are none of you to infer, from what we have said, that Harry Fortescue was in love, either

with Lady Sweetapple or with Florry Carlton. We know now, indeed, in spite of what she said at first, that Florry is almost in love with him, if not quite. Did not those tears prove it? For she was no crocodile; she was not old enough or wicked enough to shed false tears. But Harry Fortescue had only a leaning toward Florry because she was such a good partner; and just as this leaning was passing into an inclination which might be developed into affection and love—just, in short, as he had been inoculated, or, if you prefer it, vaccinated, with the soft passion, and it was as yet uncertain whether it would take—he became acquainted with Lady Sweetapple, whose views with respect to love and marriage were much more active and advanced.

It was not that Lady Sweetapple had no principle. She would have scouted such a notion. Her principles were perfect; it was only her practice that fell a little short of them. Pray, do not exclaim, good reader! Do your principles never exceed your practice? Are you always so good and charitable as you ought to be? Do you never regard your principles in the light of a sleeping partner, who has no right to interfere with the management of the great concern of your life? Besides, you are many of you well and happily married; you have faithful husbands and virtuous wives, health, friends, children—every thing that you can wish. Now, recollect that Lady Sweetapple was a young woman and a widow; that she had a feeling heart, as well as great attractions. How, then, can you wonder when she saw a very handsome man of twenty-six, not yet given away by the public voice to any one, that she felt it worth while to take an interest in him, and try to make a conquest of him? You may say she was too old for him; and so, no doubt, she was, or rather will be, if she marries him. But then, you must recollect, that a woman is the last person in the world to come to such a conviction, or, if she feels it, she puts it away as a thing a long way off, like death or the day of judgment. What a young and beautiful woman, two or three years older than a young man, feels is, that now is her time. The present belongs to her. Now is the sunshine when she can make hay; and hay she accordingly makes, in more senses than one, with the affections of men much younger than herself. What matters it to her, or, for that matter, to them, that twenty years hence she will be fifteen years, at least, too old for him? It will be quite time enough to think of that time when it really arrives.

This, too, is quite apart from the consideration whether, supposing the woman to be the better horse, which she undoubtedly often is, a man is not happier when his wife is older than himself. Certainly there are many such happy marriages, and the fact that they sometimes at least occur is a proof, after all, that they cannot be so bad. As an exception, therefore, like the marriages of first cousins—whose children, be it remarked, are not, as is fallaciously asserted, always either knaves or fools—we may admit that a man may marry a woman older than himself, and yet be perfectly happy. This, no doubt, was what Lady Sweetapple felt sure of when she was gazing at Harry Fortescue. She felt that she could marry such a very handsome and agreeable young man without any breach of principle, if he would only have the courage to ask her.

But would Harry Fortescue have the courage to ask her? That depends a great deal on his principle, on his affection for Florence Carlton, and on the force of circumstances. Perhaps, if you will only have the patience to read this story through, you may have some information on all these points.

But to return to Lady Sweetapple. She was very much disappointed when she found Harry Fortescue wanted to change his place; but she really had no right to be so. She ought, on the contrary, to have felt that his restlessness was only a proof of her influence. But as women live much more in the present than men, she was disappointed, and thought, "Silly fellow! why can't he be content to sit opposite to me, without caring for the count's eye, which is, after all, quite well?"

Then, on the principle of keeping her eyes in and for mere practice, she began to look at the count, or, to speak more correctly, Count Pantouffles began to ogle Lady Sweetapple. Strange to say, she did not feel the count's eyes in the least sympathetic or magnetic, and the result was, that she failed to magnetize him; and, now we think of it, as the count, as we have told you, was all outside, you might as well have tried to make an impression with your eyes on an overcoat as on Count Pantouffles. There he sat opposite to her, smiling and showing his teeth, and uttering little nothings, as if he

had been a human steam-engine, or an automaton worked by the wheels of the break. Finding it no use, she turned her eyes on Mr. Beeewing, and even on Edward Vernon; but either she had lost her power, or Harry Fortescue had swallowed it all up; for they were as stones to her glances. The fact was, that Mr. Beeewing was eye-proof, and as for Edward Vernon, the nearer he got to High Beech, the more he felt what a very nice girl Alice Carlton was.

And now we must have another explanation. Were Edward Vernon and Alice Carlton really in love with one another? In answer to this direct question, which admits of no fencing, we must say we think it rather brutal, thus early in the story, that we should be taken by the throat and forced to say whether this or that young lady and young gentleman are in love with one another. Why can't you wait and read for yourselves? In love, as in farming, the maxim is certainly most true which bids you hurry no man's cattle, least of all the characters of a novelist. As for Edward Vernon and Alice Carlton, you have all of you heard what they have already said on the subject. Nothing, in short, is more likely to disturb the story of true love, and to make it run any thing but smooth, than to be always asking impertinent questions of a pair of incipient lovers. People who make such inquiries only show that they have no conception of a passion and of its beginnings. There lies the little germ in the human heart, which may or may not come to something. Bright eyes and sunny glances must smile and shine on it. It must be tended and watered and even pruned before we can say this is a passion, and they are in love. And nothing can be more indelicate than to anticipate the happy announcement, and perhaps cause its ruin, than by asking such a very rude question—were Alice Carlton and Edward Vernon really in love with one another? Dear reader, do show a little more knowledge of the human heart and the growth of true affection, than to fancy that when young people have met half a dozen times, like one another as partners, long to see one another again, and even feel a little flutter at the prospect of meeting, they are as good as engaged, the wedding-cake ordered from Walker's or from Chester, the day fixed, and even the bishop and assisting clergyman selected who are to perform the ceremony. Well, you will ask, willing to justify yourselves, "But is there not such a thing as love at first sight?" Yes, there is; but we must say, if you ask so many silly questions, we shall not be at all likely to fall in love at first sight with you, gentle reader, whoever you may be. There is, or at least there was, love at first sight; but it is the exception to the rule, the miracle, the phoenix, which only returns once in a century. It is the alce of love, that sometimes bursts out all at once into bloom in that way, and puts all experience out of joint. Indeed, it is not at all sure that this kind of love is not extinct—quite died out—like the dodo. In these days of constant intercourse between the sexes in all classes of life, few are so rash, either of men or women, as to rush into love at first sight. People prefer to take their headers off rocks, out of bathing-machines, or from mossy banks; but as the great pain and peril of matrimony is now universally understood, for the most part young men and women walk into love—first, just a little dash with the foot, to see how the water feels, whether it is warm or cold; then half the leg; then up to the waist; then above the heart; and even then the step is quite serious enough, and the breath flies from the lungs quite fast enough, to make walking into love, with the certainty of a dip into deep water at last, quite sufficiently exciting. So far, therefore, as we are at present advised, it is doubtful whether there will be any falling into love at first sight in this story. If, after this announcement, any romantic reader is dissatisfied, let him not read a line more of it, and then, we have no doubt, if he can prove that he knows nothing of the end of the story, any respectable circulating librarian will return him his subscription.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.—PART SECOND.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "RED AS A ROSE IS SHE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

THAT evening, Fate, in the shape of a sleek little widow, wills that we shall have a small dinner-party. We should all have much preferred to have kept to our family circle, and, lounging in our chairs,

have wooed little contraband sleeps, in recollection of our last night's fatigues, and preparations for those of the next. But Sylvia is obdurate. "Say what you please," she says, pronouncing each word very distinctly. "Call me a prude if you like—it will not be the first time—I cannot help it, but it does feel so odd, we three quite young women sitting down and hobnobbing with those two young men; nobody belonging to anybody else, don't you know."

"I beg to say I do belong to somebody," interrupts Lenore, holding up her head.

"I am sure nobody can feel more kind and sisterly than I do to Paul," continues Sylvia, with an air of conscious modest merit; "but still there is no use denying that he is a comparative stranger, and I confess I should like him to see that we have some idea of civilization."

So to prove our civilization, we enlarge our little circle by the addition of the three Websters, of a couple of stray marauding girls, and of three diffident foot-soldiers from the Barracks.

"We used to have really nice regiments always," Sylvia says, in apology for these poor young gentlemen, before their arrival, as she stands with one round white elbow leaned on the mantle-piece, looking up with her large, appealing eyes to Paul—Sylvia's eyes have appealed and besought and implored all their life, but what for, nobody ever could make out—"really nice regiments—the Enniskillens, and the 9th Lancers, don't you know; but now we have only those nasty walking things."

Paul laughs: "I like nasty walking things; I was one myself."

There are no mistakes as to pairing to-day. I, who have no claim upon anybody—I, to whom it is absolutely indifferent who leads me, so that I ultimately reach the savory haven of dinner, and Mr. Scrope, who also has no right to anybody present, march in together. During soup, he tries to make feverish and unnatural love to me, which I rightly attribute to the fact of Lenore's blue ribbons and sweet peas being fluttering and flowering opposite; but as I indignantly decline to be the victim of any such imposture, he relapses into a sulky silence, and I into my usual trite vein of moralizing.

If people could but hear the comments made on them! For instance, if Miss Webster had but lurked behind the window-curtains at luncheon to-day, how clothed and lowered and quiet would her shoulders be! I look: they are still playfully shrugged and lifted in all their lean and virgin nakedness.

It is evening. Tea has reunited those whom claret parted. The footmen have wheeled in the card-table, and are now clearing another table for a round game—that noisy refuge of those who cannot talk—whereat loud and inarticulate sounds, like to the bray of the ass, the shrill clucking and calling of a distracted hen-roost, take the place of low-voiced and rational conversation. We are all making our selection between the two games: there are far more candidates for the boisterous mirth of the one, than for the silent dignity of the other. The infantry, and their attendant houis, the Websters, in short, all the *externes*, distinctly decline a rubber.

Major Webster has arrived at the age when a man insists on being classed among "the young people." Being ten years his sister's senior, he is almost as old for a man as she for a woman. He likes to get near the youngest girl in the company—he loves bread-and-butter, that surest sign of advancing age—to bank with her, look over her cards, and tell her all about himself. Paul chooses whist: I am amused to hear Lenore (the amount of whose knowledge of the game I am acquainted with) follow suit. Mr. Scrope does the same; so does Sylvia. As for me, I am nobody. I have been a spectator all my life. I am a spectator still. Laura has walked over to a cabinet, close to where I am sitting, to look for some whist-markers. Scrope has followed her on the same pretence.

"Why do not you join the round game?" I hear her ask him hurriedly, in a low voice. "I wish you would—three-levied commerce and a pony—just the game for a nice little school-boy."

"Just" (flushing a little and looking rather mulish).

"Do! there's a good boy!" she says, almost imploringly; "I'm really in earnest."

"I will play *bésique*, if you like," he says, eagerly; "let me get the little round table; you shall deal every time."

She does not speak in answer, but only turns down the corners of her mouth, with an expression of the completest scorn.

"What are you two whispering about over there?" cries Sylvia, playfully, from the table; "no whispering allowed!"

"Let us cut for partners," says Scrope, eagerly advancing.

"It is not much use," replies Lenore, bluntly; "for, whoever I cut with, I mean to play with Paul."

They begin. It is Sylvia's deal—Lenore to lead. It is some time before she realizes this fact.

"Oh! is it *me*? What a bore! What on earth shall I play? I have no more idea—Paul, I wish you would suggest something?"

Paul looks resolutely, gravely impenetrable.

"When in doubt, play trumps!" suggests Scrope, laughing.

"*Trumps!*" (with an expression of profound contempt). "Very likely!—as if I did not know that one ought always to keep them to the very end."

Having half-played several cards, and withdrawn them—having gazed imploringly at Paul, who ill-naturedly will not lift his eyes—having tried to look over Scrope's hand, she at length embarks on the ace of diamonds. The others play little ones to it, and the trick is hers.

"Oh! it is *mine* again, is it?" (with a tone of annoyance). "If I had thought of that, I would not have played it. Now it is all to come over again. I suppose" (looking vaguely round for counsel) "that it is not a bad plan to play all one's big ones out first, is it?"

Paul conscientiously tries to veil the expression of extreme dissent that this proposition calls into his countenance, and so successfully, that the ace of hearts instantly and confidently follows his brother. He is succeeded by the ace of spades.

"You have every ace in the pack," Sylvia says, pettishly.

"That I have not!" answers Lenore, glancing up with a mischievous gayety at Scrope. "You know better than that, do not you, Charlie?"

At the unnecessary and illegal candor displayed by the first half of the sentence, Paul shudders slightly; but, at the familiar abbreviation of his friend's name, he forgets all about his cards. He would not look at his betrothed before, when she sought mute counsel from him. He looks at her quickly enough now, with an expression of the most unfeigned, displeased surprise. But, unluckily, she does not see it. Her gaze has strayed to the other table, and she is whispering to Scrope.

"Look at the major—we always call him 'The major,' as if there was only one in the world. He is telling that little miss beside him how a cricket-ball once hit him in the left eye, and asking her to look in and see the mark."

"How on earth can you tell at this distance?" asks Scrope, eagerly, answering in the same tone, and playing at hap-hazard the first card that comes.

"I know his little ways," she says, laughing. "Once I used to be invited to look into his eye. 'Ah! *Nous avons changé tout cela.*' I am too old now."

"Would you mind going on when you are quite ready?" Paul asks, with an extreme politeness of tone a little contradicted by the unamiable expression of his countenance. Let those who blame him recollect that he loved strict whist, and the rules of the game, with a love hardly inferior to that of the renowned Mrs. Battle.

"My turn!" cries Lenore, returning to the consideration of her cards. "You do not say so! It is *always* my turn. Now what next? Have spades ever been out before? Surely not."

She herself, as I have before observed, led the ace three minutes ago, and Sylvia threw away her queen on it. She now boldly advances her king, which is naturally trumped. At this catastrophe she expresses the extremest surprise, which she calls upon Paul to share. In another quarter of an hour, not only the game, but the rubber is ended.

"Absolutely *thrown away!*" cries Paul, tossing down his last card, with a gesture of unrestrained irritation. "Two by honors, and excellent playing-cards! It is enough to make a saint swear!"

"I do not know what you mean?" cried Lenore, reddening. "I am sure I did nothing wrong, did I?" (appealing to her adversaries). "I did not revoke, and I returned his lead whenever I remembered what it was, and I led out all my big things. One cannot expect too much with those little nasty twos and threes!"

"Let us change partners," cries Scrope, his broad blue eyes flashing eagerly. "I am the worst player in Europe."

"By all means," says Lenore, with *emproisement*, glaring angrily across at Paul, though there are tears in her treacherous eyes. "I should like nothing better."

"Not for worlds!" says Sylvia, with a little emphasis on the words, rising, and gathering together her gloves, fan, and scent-bottle. "I would not expose my poor little manœuvres to Paul's criticism for any earthly consideration; I do not mind you; you are a child; you are nobody!"

The guests are gone—"Good-night time" has come—we discreetly issue forth into the hall, and drink claret and sherry-and-water, while Paul and Lenore are saying it in the drawing-room. They do not, however, speak very low, as I overhear them.

"One thing is certain, Paul," says Lenore, playfully, but with a sort of uneasy dignity in her tone, "and that is, that, when we are married, we will not play cards; I wish you would not be cross to me before people. I do not mind when we are by ourselves."

"I wish you would not call men by their Christian names under my very nose," Paul answers, in a tone that sounds half jealous, half ashamed.

"Do you?" (rather coquettishly).

"Lenore, how many men do you call by their Christian names?"

She laughs mischievously. "Ever so many; but I only do as I am done by; almost every man I know calls me Lenore. No! no!! no!!!" (her tone suddenly changing to one of repentant alarm); "do not look so furious—I am only joking; nobody does that I am aware of—hardly anybody!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STORY OF A CHILD'S TOY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

On the next evening came Charley. He was fresh in voice, fresh in color, fresh in tone, fresh in actions, fresh in his general presence.

The old man hung over him as though he were his mother. He watched him study by the light of the brass lamp, and thought him wonderfully smart to be so far advanced. He did nothing but sit in the deep shade and gaze secretly at him, at the shape of his head, at his clear skin, his muscular young figure, his brown hands, which clasped his forehead, and at the mass of curling hair, sadly misplaced and tumbled up with the tortures of study. He imagined the delight the boy would feel if he knew that he was to be permitted to go to college. His sluggish blood roused up as he witnessed the enraptured face of the grateful lad, and thought how his love for him would multiply a thousandfold, could he but help him thus.

He gradually emerged from the habit of dull reflection which his growing age had fastened upon him, and thought rapidly. He became all at once a sharp and violent man, in place of the shambling septuagenarian. He calculated with the speed of lightning; he reviewed the chances in a flash, and decided in an instant.

He became hard, perhaps cruel. It was necessary that he should be, for, having decided to trust all his worldly goods upon the toy now owned by Mary, there instantly arose a score of miserable spectacles to reproach him.

He must crush the timid little girl to elevate his boy; he must turn his back upon a crippled lad, a striving, feeble mother, and an ingenious, pretty, resolute child, for the reason that he must get the game for the very smallest sum, and get it absolutely.

He got up from his chair with great vigor. He suddenly began to talk in such a vein of elation that the boy closed his books in pleased surprise and looked up at him.

The old gentleman was light-hearted beyond precedent. He humorously described the efforts of an aged landscape-painter to purchase a Permanent Brown, the manufacturer of which had been dead these ten years. They both laughed with great hilarity. Then he graphically portrayed the futile struggles of a portrait-painter who, blind to his failings, endeavored to support a wife and five children with the senseless and patchy work of his brush. At this both of them nearly wept, until the host began to mull some wine at the little fire, when joviality was again restored.

All at once the old man, with a cracked mug in his hand, and his face full of expectancy, said:

"Charley, my boy, how would you like to see me rich, wealthy?"

The boy said, heartily:

"Glad enough, I'm sure," but he accompanied the answer with a rapid look, which for one second retarded the words which were upon the lips of his companion.

He uttered them, however, and forgot the rebuff as he went on:

"Now, how would you like to see this grimy old shop fixed up, the loads of dust shovelled out, a coat or two of bright paint and varnish put on, and a splendid stock laid in? New furniture in the bedroom, new cups for our sangaree, gorgeous birds in gilded cages, and all the fruits and vegetables of the season for my dinner every day, eh?"

He chose to apply all the benefits to himself from a whim, thinking there would be time enough to surprise Charley when he actually had the means in his hands.

The answer was not what he expected.

The boy violently shook off the hand from his shoulder, and looked into the fire with quivering lips. The old man stared at him with suspended breath.

It then occurred to him that the boy thought him selfish. He hastened to set this right.

"Oh, but I was only joking, Charley, only joking. It wouldn't be for me, but for you. I wouldn't take a dollar from the hundreds I had in my pocket. I'd put every cent into your own hands, and you might burn it up if you only wished to. I'd—I'd—Charley—every thing I have or ever shall have in this miserable world is yours forever, and—"

The boy looked around with a pale face and an unaccountable expression of fierceness in his eyes. He raised his head and turned upon the old man a gaze of such anger and contempt that he presently began to clasp and unclasp his fingers and to look around for his chair.

He retired to it, and sat down in it, puzzled and confused.

He began to tremble from head to foot. It was incomprehensible. He tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat, despite his struggles.

The boy turned away. He stepped to the table and put his books in his strap. He fastened them and took his cap in his hands.

Tears crept into the old man's eyes. He tried hard to see the fire, but it became a rippling blur. He looked up. He caught sight of a glimmer in the boy's eyes. It loosened his tongue.

"What is it, Charley?" he cried, imploringly, trying in vain to catch his hand. "There can't be any thing between us! Don't say there is. Don't look at me so! Why should you, Charley?"

"Why should I?" responded the other, twisting his cap, "why? Because I'm shocked, sir. I'm disappointed. I came hoping to find better things in your mind. I never had a hint that you had such a spirit about you. I never had, indeed. Perhaps you understand what I mean, and perhaps not. I am not allowed to go further into it, but I hope you may guess it out before I come again, and mend yourself. Good-night, sir—good-night."

The old man found himself seized by a sort of whirlwind, a confusing, perplexing current of fancies which reduced him to blindness. Grief was uppermost. He hid his wet face. He raised it again to catch a glimpse of the departing boy, but it was an hour before he realized he had really gone away.

He found himself, oppressed by a leaden weight, a conglomeration of sorrow and mystery. It forced him to weep, and to walk his room in misery. He broke out vehemently at times, but only to sink deeper into dejection at last.

Such was his condition that he failed to raise the blinds of his shop on the next day, and the police rattled at his door until he showed himself, pale and dishevelled, and so convinced them that he had not made away with himself during the night. Perhaps it was this incident which awoke him to other matters, and he suddenly remembered that Mary might be expected shortly.

He prepared for her by bringing all his scattered and misused faculties to a sort of forge and by working them up to a temper.

He again became wolfish, and a hundred times more savage.

He lay in wait for her morbidly, studying every gesture and glance so that it might tell to perfection.

She came. She smiled, and danced lightly in, and looked at him confidently.

He frowned.

Her voice failed, her lips trembled, she plucked at her white muffler, and gazed upward appealingly.

For one brief instant, an instant so like a flash that it benumbed him, he thought of seizing her in his arms and of being honest to her

and give her her due. It was a sudden blast of generosity and pity, but, like a blast, it passed, and left him very like a monster.

He wrung her toy from her by a pack of lies.

She surrendered it, and all claim to it, for the sake of the little money she needed, and wept at her disappointment.

Her game!—her game! Oh, that it should come to so poor and mean an end at last; that all her fond dreams of fame among the world of children should come to so little after all!

It seemed as though she were wrecked, she was so bereft of her merry ways and her brightness. The name! Somebody appeared to have become a reproach to her, and it escaped from her tardily and sorrowfully.

She went away with hanging head, and the old man bolted the door behind her for the second time, and went back to his parlor a guilty man.

Days passed. Days that hung upon his hands, even while he worked out his calculations and held long conversations with printers, box-makers, ivory-turners, and advertising agents. Days that eat into him, and unhinge him, and distract him.

He goes out and haunts the streets to meet with Charley. The boy avoids him, and flies from him when he sees him in the distance. He writes long letters to him, but they come back unopened. His wretchedness grows extreme, until one day he is seized with that powerful fit of hope and strength which always occurs once to the most miserable, and it fills him with energy.

He crowded out the memory of the boy, and set to work upon his enterprise.

Weeks pass, and then more weeks. He sold every thing he possessed, and ventured all upon this one rope. The first package, a pretty box with its assortment of cards of different colors, and counters also of different colors, well printed and packed, came into his little shop, and hundreds and thousands quickly followed.

He embarked. He faltered, trembled, said some furtive prayers at odd times, and then went on.

For a week or more he lived in agony.

He could not sleep, hardly eat.

Then the result came in a day.

The game became popular. He did his own work, and was kept up to it by something which resembled frenzy.

Money, precious money, began to flow in upon him, and he hoarded it, every dollar. Not a coat did he buy, not a shoe-lacing, not an extra mouthful of food, but he hammered and packed the livelong day, and wrote and read almost the livelong night.

He lived in a turmoil. His shop became disordered with the strange business, and every thing was hampered with cases, both empty and filled.

A noisy clattering and pounding caused the little court to echo; and, at certain times in the day, galloping horses and rattling carts would dash up to the door, in response to some gaudy signs with which he signalled them, and bear off small boxes containing great numbers of the wonderful game.

At the very moment when the success of his venture was no longer doubtful, the old man's thoughts flew back to the boy. Every stroke of his busy hammer, every step of his weary foot, every breath and every fancy was for him, and him alone.

He looked hour after hour to see him come back, and often stopped short, seized his hat, a shabby one, and went out to seek him, but always in vain. His name was forever upon his lips, and was often written where it should not be. He began to fall under the severity of his labor and his constant worry, and went oftener and oftener to the door to look up and down.

Still his sum of money grew and grew, and he guarded it jealously, and added to it day after day.

He acquired a habit of suddenly resting in his labor, and of traveling off in the visionary company of his beloved boy; of halting and standing upright, with his faded coat, his gray hair, and wrinkled face, gazing at vacancy, and deaf to every thing.

On a miserable day of biting cold, he came out of a fit like this, and became aware of a voice and an unusual presence beside him. He cleared himself of the cobwebs which had gathered about his senses, and, looking slowly down, found Mary. She had the same white muffer, but a sadder and paler face.

Her presence tortured him, and he ruffled up. He saluted her savagely. She shrank from him, and slipped back to the door, where,

with her hand upon the latch, she turned about and addressed him gently:

"I am sorry I came on you so suddenly, sir, but I have been waiting a little while for you to see me. I came, thinking perhaps that because it was so lucky, the game I mean, you might think that—that," here she faltered sadly, and tripped in her words, but soon went on again—"that I was right in thinking it was more valuable than what you gave me for it. We have had sickness at home, sir, a real unlucky sickness. It was mother."

She stopped short at this word, as if confident that in pronouncing it she had said volumes.

The old man turned quickly upon her, and plunged a hand into a deep pocket in his coat and drew out a small parcel of papers, from which he selected one and held it up before her with a savage snarl.

"What do you say to that? D'ye see it? D'ye know it? There's your name written in black ink; but perhaps it isn't your name; perhaps you'll say it isn't your writing at all!"

She trembled at his manner, and rattled at the latch.

"It says, you hereby, in consideration of so many dollars, give up all claim whatever on the baby's toy you sold me. There's a name and a date to it. But perhaps it isn't all true; perhaps I can't read; perhaps this paper is a spirit!"

He rumpled it up in his hand, as if to feel its substance, and stared at her revengefully.

She recoiled farther and hung her head.

A moment passed in silence.

"Sir," she finally said, scarcely above a whisper, "I was told to beg you to think before you said 'no' to me; to ask you to think of me as you would have done two months ago; to try to be your old generous self, with your old love for what was kind and generous. It was he—somebody, sir, that told me that. He is always with me. He comforts Tom, and me, and poor mother. He tells me you have but to bring to your—"

She was broken in upon by a fierce shout from the old man.

"How does this little meddling fool dare to dictate to me? Why hasn't he the courage to come himself instead of stuffing your silly head? I owe you nothing, either by right or generosity, or any thing else. You are a plague! Go out of my sight and shut the door! Never dare to come near me again, you beggar!"

He struck several hard blows upon the counter, and made as if he would scramble over it.

She buried her face in her cloak and hurried out; she stood irresolute a moment in the sharp air, until hustled by the swooping wind and passing people, and then crossed the court and went away.

The twilight came down and found that the old man had done no more work—that he stood pretty much in the same position as when Mary left him.

Every thing grew gray and obscure, and he stood bolt upright, pale, and heedless, and ghastly in every particular.

Perhaps he was trying to go back in his thoughts instead of forward, as usual. He may have been complying with the adjurations of his timid visitor, and have been recalling his old impulse and ability to grieve at such hints of pain as he has heard within a few hours. It was possible that the pallor of her face haunted him, and that her little form still lingered accusingly, and also that her young voice was prying at the cruel armor he had put on of late, and was goading him deeply.

The name "Charley" is now upon his lips more than ever. It does not cross them strongly and fully, it does not connect itself with any other plain word or intelligible sentence, either of anger or sorrow, but it falls and stumbles out helplessly, as though it represented the only weak impulse which bubbled up from his distracted mind.

It was very cold and blustering outside his door, and the wind crept in at the crevices and gradually chilled him. The forms of the people hurried swiftly by, and the light from over the way began to struggle in at the uncurtained door. Every thing was in confusion about him; but the disorder was losing itself in the darkness, and even he was being gradually swallowed by it.

His thoughts were not thoughts, but a certain set of ideas which circled round and round, starting from nowhere and arriving at nothing. They were plaintive in their import, and their expression was the same whispered and imploring—"Charley, O Charley, Charley!" And Charley came.

He banged at the latch, and, stepping quickly in, closed the door

behind him rather noisily, and stood just within it, quite silent, with the exception of a heavy breathing.

His boyish carriage was the same, though there was an air of defiance in his general manner, and he looked about in the obscurity with an air of command.

He was greeted with a wild cry, and the old man shuffled toward him with outstretched arms.

"Stop! Don't come—stay where you are!"

The words were clear; and, being enforced by an outstretched hand, acted with the efficiency of iron bars.

"I don't care to be friends with you; I came to say how much of an enemy I am to you. If you have only changed, I advise you to change back again; but if you were always so, unknown to me, and had your wicked spirit concealed and hidden, and if all your character was kept from me by your pretence of liking me, I advise you to go upon your knees every night until you are fit to hear the voice of sorrow and trial."

This was given distinctly and somewhat violently. The voice was an angry one, and was raised higher and higher as it went on. The old man was bewildered, and gazed at the lad with parted lips.

"How did you dare to compare me to your dead boy? How could you try to make me love you, while you knew you were acting a lie to me? I did like you. I used to lot upon my visits to you. I used to think how happy I could make you when I grew older and stronger. You nearly caught me; but now you have lost me, and you must go your horribly, miserly way alone."

The other strove to articulate. He gasped, and tried to speak. A thousand imploring and explaining words beset his nervous lips, but nothing fell from them but an incoherent mumbling. He gesticulated; his knees knocked together, and he became in a manner convulsed.

The boy was aroused, and became denunciatory. He struck his cap into his hand, and pitched his strong voice still higher; and the glare of light from over the way flowed over him, and struck full upon the face of the old man.

"If there should be any thing kind in your thoughts toward me, which I doubt, as I now doubt every thing decent and good about you, I hope you will tear it out, for I don't want it there. You have no right to any affection or kindness. You have turned your back on them, and they now turn their back on you. You have been cruel, miserably cruel; and I, if I could show you cruelty by saying I hate you, I could almost do it. Don't dare to follow me, nor dog me, nor speak to me. You are a monster, and I shall never come here again. I am going to leave you forever!"

The old man caught at him as if he were a shadow; but he evaded like a shadow, and disappeared in the midst of the jangle of the bolts, and the rattle of the glass. The deserted man screamed after him from where he stood, as if he were but hidden behind a screen, and then sank slowly down in an inanimate heap, and lay there in a torpor for hours.

It is difficult to say when he began to arouse. Symptoms of intelligence manifested themselves long before he raised his weary head. Even then he seemed dazed and confused, for he looked here and there, as if trying to recall and remember.

It was somewhere in the neighborhood of nine o'clock that he began to struggle up, awakened, perhaps, by the sound of the city bells. He at once began to act, slowly and even painfully at first, but as if possessing a distinct purpose.

It was possible that he had been coming to a resolution even while he lay in his apparent stupor, for his subsequent energies seemed bent upon freeing his body of its lethargy, and not upon any exercise of his brain.

He pressed his forehead, then his eyes; he looked around him bewildered. After a little, he began to regain his calmness.

Then he went slowly back to his chamber, carrying a light from the parlor. He went to the washstand and dashed his face with water, for the sake of the coolness. His eyelids were heavy, and he was very pale.

He stood for several moments with his forefinger upon his lips.

From this point his motions were calmly and thoughtfully directed. He selected a palette-knife with a long, flexible blade, and, tearing some newspapers into long strips, proceeded, with the aid of the knife, to neatly stop up the crevices between the window-sashes, above, and beneath, and at the sides of the doors. He held his hand to feel the faintest breath which came through any aperture, then he stopped it.

He dislodged the pipe of the stove, and filled the aperture with more paper; then he brought some paste and secured it tightly. After this he felt secure.

Then he went to a dark closet, and, after much hunting, he brought out a brazier, an iron structure which, in some past time, had been used to heat irons in a laundry. It was rusty, and had but three legs of uneven lengths, which it tottered upon as he sat it in the middle of the floor.

From out a box, also in the closet, he brought a heap of charcoal, with some of which he carefully made a pile upon the perforated bottom of the brazier, and then tucked some scraps of paper beneath it.

He arose from his knees, and, while slowly mopping the dust from his hands, he looked down at the brazier with pallid cheeks; but unflagging resolution.

He now wrote a letter—a long letter. He smiled and wept alternately as it progressed. It did not seem difficult for him to compose it, as he did it smoothly and without hesitation. He finished it, signed it with a strong hand, folded it, and directed it boldly to Charley. He put it upon a table where there was nothing else, and placed a weight upon a corner of it.

Then he reached his hat, and buttoned his old coat closely about him, and, with his hands behind him, looked at all in the room. His eye always came back to the brazier. All his meditations seemed to end with it. He started to examine every thing in regular order, but he broke in upon the circle a dozen times to turn and to stare at the heap in the centre of the floor.

Once he rushed upon it as if to dash it to pieces with his foot, but caught himself in time, and, falling back, smiled and shook his head.

At times he seemed happy to have thought of it, and rearranged some part of the pile it held, appearing to look at it in the light of a refuge. It held him like a charm, and, even as he moved away, he stopped in his path to regard it again and again.

He stepped to his bedside, and, kneeling, prayed. What about, and in whose interest, did not appear in audible words; but, when he finally arose, he did so quickly and even nimbly.

He approached the door.

"Perhaps he will drive me back to you," he whispered, facing the brazier with outstretched hand; "if he does, don't you turn your back upon me and refuse to burn when I want you. Then—I may not come back. Perhaps I may say something that will make him talk out and tell me why he treats me so—I—I hope to God I may!"

He suddenly choked up and became unsteady both in his voice and in his posture. Then he turned, passed out, and closed the door behind him.

He reëntered the shop, and, by the glare from across the street, it seemed ghostly and full of shadows. He paused, and, prompted by the scattered boxes, and tools, and the general disorder, he involuntarily conjured the story which concerned the scene so nearly.

He now beheld himself clearly for the first time. His selfishness stood out like a black cloud in a golden sunset. The memory of Mary frightened him. Her entreaty now appalled him, and a picture of the pain and misery in her home passed before his eyes. Then came the sum of money hidden away in the bank; then the one spur and spring of his wearisome life, his love, his adoration of Charley.

The sharp sting of the boy's (apparently) causeless renunciation now pierced him more deeply than ever.

The two children are now coupled in his mind, because they hate him—miserable reason!

He is going now to find the boy, and implore him once more to listen and to speak out. If he does, then all will be well; but, if he will not, then he will hasten back to his chamber, lock and cement the door, and slip away out of the world before sunrise, and leave his letter to complete his old purpose, if he in the flesh cannot.

He is still afflicted with the puzzle of the boy's conduct. Why did he do it—why?

And also who was it who dared, through the mouth of Mary, to bid him look back upon his own past life, and, in the name of what he could remember, to repent? Who did that alas! who?

Total wretchedness involved him.

His food of late had not been over-plentiful, and neither had his mind been relaxed for an instant. Both his body and brain were overtaxed and fragile.

He stepped without and locked the outer door securely. It was

bitterly cold, and this brought to his mind that it was the eve of a holiday.

The freezing wind bore down upon him and instantly pierced him through and through. He turned against it, struggled quickly along under the lee of the buildings, and gained the grand street of the city, which was brilliantly lighted from the shop-windows.

The walks were filled with hurrying crowds, and curtains of frost covered the panes of the shops.

His scanty clothing failed to warm him, and his thin body had little heat in it.

He caught his coat at the lappels and held it tight about his neck, with his arms across his chest. He crowded his poor hat well down upon his neck and strode along, jostled and cursed by all he met.

He was often stopped and bullied by the wind, at which times he bent his head, turned his back, and gasped for breath.

He is miserable. He is weak. He feels like sinking; but still he goes on, in the light and out, in shadow and brilliancy, twisting this way and that, and still in some mysterious way keeping upright.

The agony of his mind crowds upon his vitality, and does much to smother it.

"O Charley, Charley! O my cruelty! my cruelty!"

His brain whirls, and his thoughts grow confused. He dimly resolves to turn back to the brazier. It would be better and quicker; he has no courage left, no power to speak, hardly any power to live.

A powerful blast laden with icy particles swoops suddenly about him from the housetops and strikes him on all sides; it smites him, rushes over him, and bewilders him. He comes out of it dazed and confounded.

He trembles, clears his eyes, and by their misty sight discovers two people—small people—gazing in at a window beside him.

He glared upon them and stepped a foot nearer.

"Charley and Mary together! My God, how blind I have been! How blind, blind!"

A rush of light bursts upon him. Transcendent joy fills him, but dread follows. A conflict goes on within him which will make him crazy.

Before they can move, he rushes between them, and, pushing them apart, he falls upon his knees upon the pavement and clasps his long, cold hands supplicatingly before them.

They are frightened at his looks, his distorted face, and his wild actions, which appear so much wilder in this half-light.

"Oh, in the name of Heaven, take me back, Charley and Mary, both of you; I have deceived you, I have deceived myself, but I meant to be kind—I meant to be true—I am old, and could not under—"

They both sprang to hold him up, but his arms elude them, and he slips down between them, and his battered old hat is whirled away as his head touches the flags.

Mary screams, and the boy is petrified, but he quickly comes to himself and directs them where to carry him, and they follow the motley crowd in terror.

They enter the little shop, and pass on to the parlor, and lay him down upon some mattresses; and then build a fire and wait.

It was far into the night when they were alone again. The physician left him comfortable, and the three rested almost breathless for the mystery to fly away from between them.

His voice dispelled it, and they came nearer and nearer as it went.

He rehearsed his old hope respecting Charley, his sudden glimpse of fortune after so many years of poverty, and his selfish adherence to his old plan.

It was a comedy to ask Mary's forgiveness, but it was done with a humility which was remembered and revered for many years after.

"Ah, you children, would that I had dreamed who somebody was! I would that I had been sharp enough to see my dear boy's heart and sense in somebody's words! But no, no, I was too crazy; too un-mindful of all but myself. I am awake now, I think; at any rate, I am harmless."

They smiled, but did not speak.

"Perhaps," he added, in a gayer tone—"perhaps that which has been hidden from you, and which is yours wholly and freely, may be enough to be used at some particular time in the future as well as now."

He laughed.

They exchanged glances.

"Yes," responded the boy, without a smile, "we have bolted upon that particular time on several occasions, sir. I may say it is the principal subject of our conversations."

"He means that we talk all the time about getting married," interrupted Mary, gravely, "and I think it's getting a little tame, I must say. However, I think I rather like him."

Here she laughed outright, and became charming.

"Of course you do," responded the old man. "Human nature couldn't resist him. Everybody likes him. As for the game, we'll keep it grinding and let the grist pile up higher and higher until we want to use it. I will be the clerk to the noble house—that is, if you don't turn me out for hard dealings in the future—and if I am not called to account for my hard dealings in the past."

No such misfortune occurred, however, and in due but distant time all happened that was natural and proper, and the oldest of the triumvirate stood by and saw it done to his satisfaction and joy.

ANSWERED.

WE sat beneath the silent stars,
And watched the sunset's embers die;
The North shot forth its glowing bars,
And crimson radiance spanned the sky.

Fair rose the moon; the darkening world
Seemed dipped in one vast silver sea;
Above the fleecy eddies curled,
The air-tides floated silently.

Upon our blissful senses sank
The spell of Peace, of Love, of Calm!
Earth-lost, our raptured spirits drank
In hallowed Nature's holiest psalm.

Dear heart! like saintly incense rise
Her soul's pure breathings hie to thee:
"Thou who dost make our paradise,
Where may thy heavenly dwelling be?"

And o'er her face a glory passed;
Faintly I whispered in her ear
(My long-kept secret free at last),
"If God is love, then heaven is here!"

F. K. CROSSBY.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CORDOVA, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

ALTHOUGH the population of the Argentine Republic, and the variety of its exports, do not place it foremost in the rank of the South-American nations, none of them can boast of a more genial sky or a more fertile soil. Situated entirely within the south-temperate zone, the river Plate enjoys one of the most salubrious climates on the face of the globe, though at certain seasons in the year the changes of temperature are so great that in the course of a single day a smack of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, is distinctly felt. Such is the exuberant fertility of the soil that it produces almost spontaneously all the grand staples of home consumption and foreign commerce. Minerals are also found in many places—silver, lead, copper, salt, marble, and even coal—but the mining interests of the country, for want of proper management and suitable facilities for the transport of commodities from the interior to the capital, have not yet received that development of which they are susceptible, and which they will no doubt attain at no far-distant day. The luxuriant plains of the Argentine Republic are watered by several large rivers, on some of which, thanks to American energy, numbers of steamboats ply three or four times weekly, between Buenos Ayres and Rosario, and other leading towns. The industry of this highly-favored country

is in a prosperous condition, in spite of the temporary check consequent upon the dreadful visitation of yellow fever, which in the early months of the present year decimated the population of the capital and carried desolation throughout the land. American enterprise has met with a cordial reception in the river Plate, and some four hundred miles of railway are now open to traffic; two hundred miles more are in course of rapid construction, and seven new lines are projected.

Indeed, the republic has of late years made gigantic strides forward, but chiefly since the inauguration of the present president, Don Domingo F. Sarmiento, who so long and indefatigably strove in the cause of popular education, and to whose persevering efforts is mainly due the position which his country now holds in the vanguard of civilization generally on the South-American Continent.

One of the first acts of Don Sarmiento, after taking possession of the presidential chair, was, to celebrate the opening of the railway between Rosario and Cordova with an international exhibition in the latter city, which exhibition cannot fail to prove fruitful in happy results, as well material as moral, for the Argentine Republic. The 15th of October last was the day appointed for the opening of the fair.

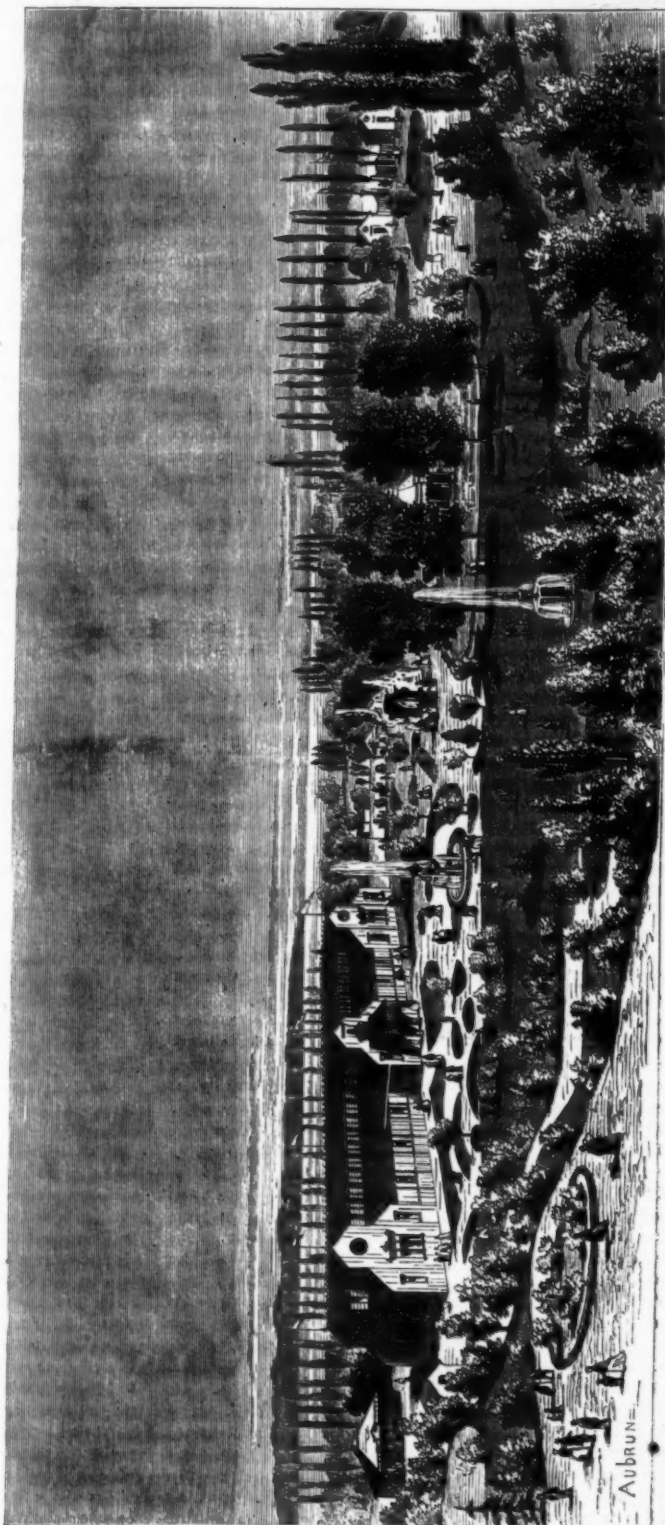
A committee of prominent Argentine citizens was duly appointed for the direction of the work, and a cordial invitation was extended to both natives and foreigners who desired to exhibit their productions under such favorable auspices. The sum of two hundred thousand dollars was appropriated by the Argentine treasury for the prosecution of the work, and that subsidy, having been found insufficient, was subsequently increased.

The minister of the Argentine legation in the United States, Señor R. M. Garcia, charged to give the necessary orders here for the construction of the palace and its dependencies, acquitted himself most creditably of the task. To this gentleman are we indebted for the photographic views of the exhibition building and grounds, which he was so kind as to send to us, and of which the adjoining engraving is an epitome.

A considerable quantity of seeds of various kinds was forwarded to Cordova from the Department of State in Washington, and the various American exhibitors lost no time in sending their products to the fair.

The palace and its dependencies, inner gardens, sections set apart for the accommodation of fowls and quadrupeds, etc., cover an area of three acres. Outside the above limits are extensive grounds appropriated to the trial of agricultural implements, and the acclimation of exotic trees and plants; and we are happy to state that the tests resulted in every case in the triumph of American machines, a large number of which were sold on the very grounds. The experiments made in the acclimation of the various cereals have been attended with success, showing the complete geniality of the Argentine soil to the cultivation of grain.

We are anxiously awaiting the final reports of the proceedings at the Cordova Exhibition, which will show before the world the inexhaustible natural resources of the river Plate, and draw closer still the bonds of union now exist-



THE CORDOVA EXHIBITION BUILDING

ing between that country and our own, thus realizing the wish expressed by Congress and by President Grant in 1870.

Distant as the Argentine Republic is from our own land, it is united to us by ties of trade and of republican sympathy, and we cannot but feel a lively interest in its welfare and prosperity. The Cordova Exposition is a step in the right direction, and every intelligent American will rejoice to hear of its complete success. The development of the vast resources of the region of the La Plata is of consequence, not only to its own citizens, but to all the nations of the civilized world.

THE WINTER PALACE OF THE CZAR.

THE visitor to St. Petersburg will have his attention attracted by an immense block of buildings stretching along the left bank of the Neva, which is here, and for a considerable distance beyond, embanked by a wall and parapet of granite. This is the famous Winter Palace, considered by the Russians the finest in Europe, and identified with the power and pomp of the empire. Indeed, few edifices in the Old World are so associated with the splendors of sovereignty as this enormous structure; for, besides being the principal residence of the emperor and his court, and the scene of gorgeous state-pageants, it is also the depository of the richest treasures of the Muscovite dominions, which, instead of being distributed like those of other countries through many edifices, are here concentrated in one. It is at once a palace and a museum, where the spoils of Oriental magnificence are mingled with the treasures of European taste.

The greatest festivals of the empire are celebrated here; the baptisms and weddings of scions of the imperial house take place within these walls. Here, only a few years ago, the marriage of the Czarevitch Alexander Alexandrovitch to the Princess Dagmar of Denmark was solemnized with unrivalled splendor, the present Grand-duke Alexis assisting by holding a golden crown over the head of the bridegroom, who, on the death of his eldest brother, thus married his fiancée, and saw the crown of the empire nearer to his reach. Here are the throne, which he may one day mount, the sceptre and crown, with their superb jewels, and the finest art-treasures in the realm—collections of pictures, statues, and engravings, obtained from the great capitals of Europe. Here also are the high church and various chapels where the imperial family perform their devotions, a spacious hall dedicated to the memory of field-marshal, among whose portraits is that of the "Iron Duke," who at Waterloo crushed Napoleon and strengthened the throne of Alexander. The generals of the year 1812-'14 are portrayed in another hall, and the likenesses of all the sovereigns of the reigning house since Michel Fedorowitch, and those of their consorts, are hung in the Romanoff Portrait Gallery. A court theatre in another part of the building affords amusement to those to whom the pageantry of empire is often wearisome, and an immense hall of armor contains curious and valuable specimens of artistic skill and historic interest in this department. The Winter Palace stands on the site of the original structure, which was destroyed by fire in 1837. Including the Hermitage, it stretches in blocks, some connected by vaulted archways, like the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, others separated by narrow gaps a thousand feet along the bank of the Neva. Like most Russian palaces, its exterior is disappointing, for the stucco on its brick-walls has peeled off in many places, giving the façade an unsightly appearance. Its interior, however, is unsurpassed in splendor by any similar structure.

The most magnificent apartment in the palace is St. George's Hall, at one end of which is the imperial throne. It is approached from the Neva by the principal entrance, or "Perron des Ambassadeurs," a magnificent flight of marble steps surmounted with fine dark-green columns of polished granite. The hall itself is one hundred and forty feet long and sixty wide. A range of pure white marble Corinthian columns, supporting an entablature and balustrade of the same material, extends the whole length of the walls, which are also of white marble. Even more elegant is the glittering drawing-room of the empress, with its gilded walls and ceiling, and its ornaments of malachite and gold. But the room most attractive to the generality of visitors is that which contains the crown-jewels, the most dazzling

of all emblems of sovereignty. Of these the most splendid is the great Orloff diamond, which surmounts the imperial sceptre. It is the largest of the crown-diamonds of Europe, being about the size of a pigeon's-egg, and weighs one hundred and ninety-four and three-quarters carats, or about eight and a quarter carats more than the Koh-i-noor did when brought from India. There is a tradition in Russia, based on an Asiatic legend, that both the Orloff and Koh-i-noor diamonds are fragments of the vast stone which was found in Golconda in the time of Shah Jehan, father of the great Aurangzebe. But the French traveller Tavernier, who in 1665 saw this jewel in the possession of the Great Mogul, mentions that it was ruined in the process of cutting, and the history of the "Mountain of Light" goes back far beyond the time of Shah Jehan, in whose reign the mammoth gem was said to have been found. Moreover, the Orloff diamond, when critically examined, exhibits a faint tint of greenish yellow, while the Koh-i-noor is colorless. According to the most authentic account of this diamond, it formed the eye of a famous idol in a temple at Seringham near Trichinopoly, in India. A French deserter having, by a pretended conversion, got himself made a priest in the temple, despoiled the idol of its precious eye, and escaped to Malabar with his prize. There he hastened to dispose of the dangerous treasure for the beggarly sum of two thousand guineas. The purchaser was a ship's captain, who in his turn sold it to a Jew for a large sum of money. An Armenian merchant named Lazareff bought it from the Jew, and offered it for sale to the Russian empress. But, as Catherine II. was unwilling to accede to the terms of the Armenian, he carried it to Amsterdam, where it was seen and purchased by the magnificent Count Orloff, whose name was now first associated with the historic jewel, and who laid it as a gift at the feet of his imperial mistress. The price is stated to have been four hundred and fifty thousand silver rubles (about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars), a life-annuity of two thousand rubles, and a patent of nobility. Notwithstanding the slight flaws in this stone, it possesses great beauty, and is a worthy ornament of the sceptre of a vast empire.

The imperial crown of all the Russias somewhat resembles in shape the dome-formet patriarchal mitre, and typifies the sovereign's assumption of that ancient ecclesiastical authority. An arch of oak-leaves, formed of eleven great diamonds rising from the front and back of the crown, is surmounted by a very large uncut but polished ruby, supporting a cross formed of five beautiful diamonds. The central arch of diamonds is crossed by a hoop of thirty-eight vast and perfect pearls, the domed spaces on either side of these arches being filled with leaf-work and ornaments in silver, covered with diamonds, and underlaid by purple velvet. The band supporting the crown and surrounding the brow of the emperor is studded with twenty-eight great diamonds, while a large sapphire of a rich but slightly greenish-blue color, with a superb diamond of elongated form, surmounts the orb. An appropriate companion for this gorgeous diadem is the coronet of the empress, said to be the most beautiful mass of diamonds ever brought together into a single ornament. Among the hundred diamonds of exquisite water which compose this unique gem are four of very large size and perfect beauty; sixteen similar but smaller stones, and eighty not less perfect; while the whole are surrounded with a great many others of brilliant lustre. Here, too, is a diamond necklace, each stone of it a princely fortune, composed of twenty-two single vast diamonds, from which fifteen huge pendent stones are supported. A peculiar interest attaches to the magnificent Oriental ornaments which attest the respect, not unmingled with dread, in which Russia is held by her Mohammedan neighbors. One of these, the plume of Suwarrow, an aigrette composed entirely of diamonds, was presented to that conquering general by the Sultan of Turkey. Another is a single diamond of dazzling brilliancy, weighing thirty-six carats, which was presented by the younger son of Abbas Mirza to the Emperor of Russia on the occasion of his visiting the imperial court. This gem has Persian characters engraved upon it, and is called "the Shah." There are various other crown-jewels, which anywhere else would attract the greatest attention, but which are here obscured by the surpassing splendor of their surroundings. In that part of the palace known as the Hermitage is one of the largest collections of engraved gems in existence, comprising, among other treasures, the renowned cabinet of the Duke of Orleans, father of Louis Philippe. A very valuable ring was stolen some years ago from this department and sold by

the thief to a jeweller, from whom it was purchased by a nobleman, who made a present of it to one of the members of the imperial family. It was immediately recognized, and an inquiry instituted, which led to the discovery of the thief. As he proved to be a person of considerable standing and position, his offence, which would once have sent him to Siberia, was overlooked, and the matter hushed up.

A glance at the picture-galleries of the Hermitage reveals many valuable works of the masters, especially of the Spanish and Flemish schools. Here are the treasures collected at untold expense at Strawberry Hill by Horace Walpole; the collection of Baron de Thiers; the Barbarigo collection; the best pictures from the gallery of Queen Hortense; while some of the spoils with which the Great Emperor enriched the Louvre found their way here in 1814, when a part of the Malmaison collection, formed by the Empress Josephine, was bought by the conquering czar. There are other reminders of the fortunes of war in several pictures that formerly belonged to Marshal Soult. Nowhere out of Spain is there such a fine collection of Spanish masters, while the English department is the best on the Continent. Here, too, is the famous "Farm-yard," the masterpiece of Paul Potter, and many admirable specimens of the leaders of the Italian school, to say nothing of the productions of Russian pencils.

It is curious to turn from these treasures of modern art and taste to the collection of antiquities from the Cimmerian Bosphorus and Siberia, among which are vases and ornaments of gold and silver of the best Greek workmanship; massive golden weapons and jewelry of the ancient Scythians, and bronze, iron, and stone implements of the Tartar race. Indeed, the collection of antique objects of art is the most perfect and interesting in the world, far surpassing that of Naples and other Italian cities; while here may be seen the curiosities obtained from a mound at Kertch in 1831, long known to the Tartars as the "Hillock of the Brave." In a tomb of hewn stone within this mound were found the remains of a Scythian prince side by side with his favorite wife, his equerry, and his war-horse. Here were also found his crown, his weapons of gold, his ornaments and golden robes, and bronze vases, still containing the provisions for the long journey, which had lain untouched for more than two thousand years. They are now preserved, with the other treasures of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, in a magnificent room, the roof of which is supported by twenty monolith columns of gray granite.

One of the most interesting features of the Winter Palace is the Gallery of Peter the Great, which contains many curious memorials of that remarkable man. Here are his turning-lathes and instruments for carving, and numerous specimens of his handicraft, together with his telescopes, mathematical instruments, books, and walking-sticks. His gigantic stature is shown by the wooden rod which marks his height, and the heavy iron staff which he used to carry attests his herculean strength. The grim warrior comes back to us in his effigy in the dress of the period, embroidered by Catherine I. for her coronation, wearing the sword with its handle of nephrite, the gift of Augustus II. Besides casts and portraits taken from the features of Peter after death, there is a cast of his face made during his lifetime. The small gilt chariot in which he occasionally drove, and even the horse which he rode on the decisive day of Pultowa, when he defeated Charles XII. of Sweden, are preserved here, though the diminutive charger does not seem much higher than the stuffed wolf-hound at his side. This gallery contains the famous peacock clock presented by Prince Potemkin to the Empress Catherine. By ingenious and complicated mechanism, the gilded peacock, in the shape of which the timepiece is made, expands its tail at the hour, which is announced by a golden cock that flaps its wings and crows, while an owl rolls his eyes and a grasshopper pecks away at a mushroom in harmony with the principal performers. Here, too, is a valuable collection of snuffboxes left by various sovereigns, one of which was the gift of Frederick the Great to one of his generals. Another, studded with superb diamonds, bears a miniature portrait on ivory of Mahmoud II., Sultan of Turkey, who presented it to the Empress Alexandra, wife of Nicholas I. It contained a fine shawl. A melancholy interest attaches to a snuffbox with portraits of Marie Antoinette and her children, which was presented, by Louis XVI. on the scaffold, to his *ealet de chambre*, Cléry.

The visitor to the Winter Palace, weary of gazing on gilded cornices and silver hangings, plates of solid gold, cases full of gems, and cups studded with precious stones, leaves at last the great public

halls with their vases of jasper and malachite, and tables of porphyry, and is shown a little room, the smallest and plainest in the vast edifice. A narrow, iron camp-bedstead is in one corner, and the rest of the furniture is of the utmost simplicity. On this hard bed, on which his gray military cloak lies folded, the austere Nicholas, the father of the present czar, used to sleep, and here he died while the Crimean War was raging, his demise being hastened by news of the disastrous repulse of the Russians at Eupatoria. Every thing remains as in his life; the portrait of his favorite daughter still hangs over the bed; his sword and helmet are where he left them; and even his pocket-handkerchiefs lie undisturbed on his simple writing and toilet tables. A grenadier of the Golden Guard of the palace is always on duty over these relics of the "never-to-be-forgotten czar."

The Winter Palace is seen in its glory on some fête-day, when its spacious halls and corridors are thronged with the dignitaries of church and state. At no other court is there such a combination of European and Asiatic magnificence. Here are Persian princes, spangled with gold and jewels; Circassian chiefs, with snow-white turbans, and the *bizarre* visages and dress of Cossacks and Tartars from the far east of the empire. Their barbaric fierceness shows the savage element that underlies all this splendor, alike in these gigantic Guards with their sparkling helmets and gilt breastplates fastened over snow-white tunics, and in these mitred dignitaries of the Church with their long beards and vestments stiff with gold. The uniforms of officers in every variety of color, almost covered with golden braids, and blazoning with stars and crosses, mingle under the soft light of wax-candles with the silks of gorgeous hues worn by the Russian ladies. Such a spectacle was exhibited a few years ago at the nuptials of the czarowitz and the Princess Dagmar of Denmark when among the princely representatives of foreign courts and the great nobles of the empire was seen the stern, sad face of Schamyl, the Circassian chief, who for a time had held in check the legions of the czar. In his white cashmere robe and huge white turban the old chieftain was a greater object of interest than diplomatists or generals—Menschikoff or Todleben. Whatever we may show the Grand-duke Alexis, we can exhibit to him no such splendid spectacles as are displayed in the Winter Palace.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

CUNDUR-ANGU.

THIS remarkable plant, which has just been added to the *material medica*, is still in want of a consistent diagnosis. Its botanical character and relationship seem to be so little known, that two or three widely-different plants have been described under the same name. The following facts, though far from adequate, are mainly derived directly from Ecuadorian physicians, and may correct some statements afloat in the press:

The name *Cundur-angu* is Quichua—the ancient tongue of Quito—and literally; means "the vine of the condor." It is, probably, a term of distinction, like our word *eagle-ray*, and may refer to its vigorous growth. *Cundur-ango* is incorrect, as there was no *o* in the Inca language; Quito preceded Quito; Cundur, Condor; and Chim-purazu, Chimborazo.

By a singular coincidence, *cundur-angu* is found in the defiles of the Auritusunga—the very mountains which, more than two centuries ago, gave to the world another wonderful remedy—the bark of the cinchona-tree, the source of quinine. These mountains are in the province of Loja, on the southern boundary of Ecuador. The chief localities of the *cundur-angu* are Malacatos, Vilcabamba, and Zaruma. The last is on the river Tumbez, on the Pacific slope of the Andes, about five thousand feet above the sea, with a mean temperature of seventy-one degrees. The other two places are more elevated, and are situated just south of the city of Loja, on the sources of the river Achira. The sugar-cane and the *chirimoya* flourish in all three.

Dr. F. Bayon, of Colombia, as reported in *Los Andes*, of Guayaquil, for July 29th (reprinted in *Nature*, October 26th), confounds *cundur-angu* with *Mikania guaco*, of the order *Eupatoriaceae*, much used in that country as an antidote for the venom of snakes. It plainly belongs to the *Asclepiadaceae*, or milkweed family, and approximates the genus *Periploca*. The family, well named after the father of medicine, is famous for its tonics, emetics, diuretics, stimulants, and vermifuge.

The cundur-angu is a climbing shrub, rarely six inches in diameter, with tendrils at the top, and seeks the highest trees in the luxuriant forest. The leaves are from six to eight inches long, opposite, entire, oval, mucronate, without stipules, silky, and of a dark-green color. The flowers are axillary, in panicles, few in number, and remind one of the linden-tree. They are complete, monopetalous, five-lobed, rotate, and hairy; the five stamens are united into a tube enclosing the pistil—an arrangement found in no other exogenous family; ovary, superior; fruit consists of two angular foliicles, or pods, four to six inches long, containing numerous oval, flat seeds. The wood is soft, and of a light-yellow color; the bark is fibrous and gray, with a bitter, aromatic taste, and the odor of copaiba. Incisions in the bark yield an acrid, milky juice, which is converted by the action of air into a yellow resin. The active principle, which is nearly confined to the bark, is a white substance, insoluble in water and cold alcohol, somewhat soluble in ether, very soluble in hot alcohol, pungent and uncrystalline. An ammonia precipitate is isomeric with benzoic acid.

Fraud has already commenced its work—large quantities of another species, the *Bijuco pachon*, having been exported. The genuine cundur-angu can be thus distinguished: a strong infusion does not affect litmus-paper, while the other *bijuco* is alkaline; treated with ammonia, it gives a beautiful orange-yellow color, while the *pachon* gives a greenish yellow; the decoction has a straw-yellow color, with its characteristic, balsamic odor; that of the *pachon* being mucilaginous and inodorous.

It is administered in the forms of an infusion, tincture, and powder; the first being preferable. An infusion, in the proportion of ten grammes of bark to five hundred of water, produces profuse perspiration, quick, full pulse, rapid breathing, without any congestion or excitement of the brain, or sensation in the stomach. The effects last about twenty minutes, ending in a greatly-increased secretion of urine. A stronger infusion or decoction will affect the nervous system. All glands are simultaneously quickened, salivary, urinary, and sudorific.

It is claimed that cundur-angu is not only a specific for cancer, but efficacious in the treatment of rheumatism, neuralgia, ear-ache, catarrh, syphilis, and various cutaneous diseases. Over sixty cases of rheumatism in Guayaquil are pronounced "radically cured." Cancer is a manifestation of morbid matter in the blood; and, according to the highest medical authority, it is a new excretory organ which tends to eliminate substantially like the kidney. Cundur-angu, it is said, increases this excretive power, and upon this property depends its value. To prevent reabsorption, the remedy must be renewed every three hours.

Very likely, too many virtues are claimed for this plant; but it certainly deserves a careful trial at the hands of physicians of acknowledged skill and honesty. If left to patent quacks, it will be doomed. Investigation may reveal other specifics in this family. We would suggest that experiments be made with *Hemidesmus indicus*, which, like cundur-angu, is a diuretic, diaphoretic, and tonic.

To Hon. Ramsey Wing, U. S. minister at Quito; Charles Welle, Esq., U. S. consul at Guayaquil; Dra. Chiribaga, Fuentes, and Destruge, of Guayaquil; and Dr. Bliss, of Washington, the world is indebted for calling attention to this plant.

JAMES ORTON.

LEFT FREE.

THOU giv'st me but thy cheek—a year ago
Thy glowing lip was pressed to mine; in vain
I seek the fulness of thy love again!
No reason do I ask that I may know
Why coldly thus thou meet'st my kiss; I go
From thy dear side, and leave thee free to bless
One who may surer win thy fond caress.
I will not wait to check the richer flow
Thou couldst not lavish on my hungry heart,
Nor will I stay the jealous watch to keep
My love would prompt, if lingering where thou art.
Give now thy best to one who dares to reap
Such golden field—forever more I part
My life from thine, that I, alone, may weep!

GRACE WEBSTER HINSDALE.

THE HUDSON AT GLEN'S FALLS.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY FENN.

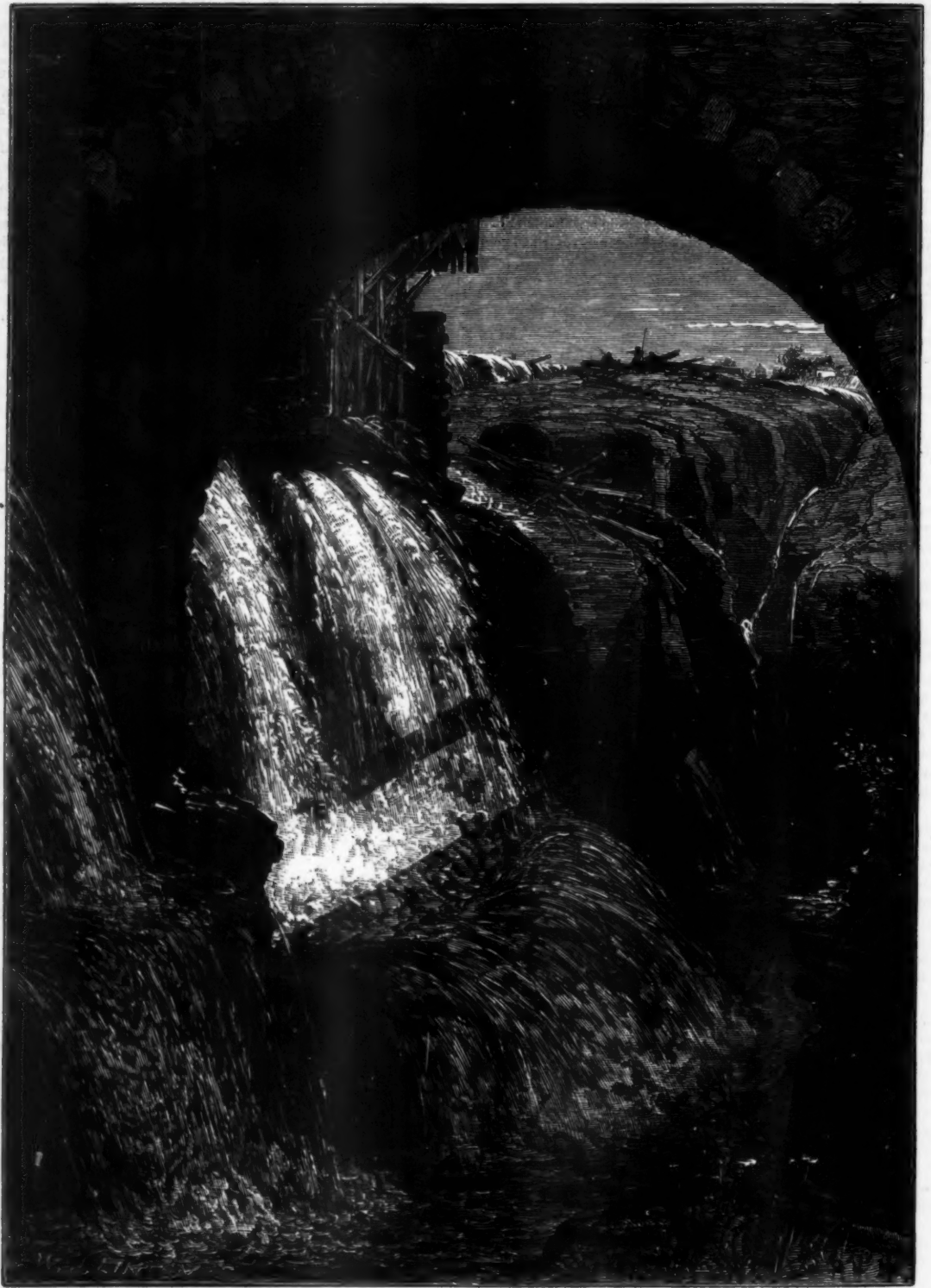
THE village of Glen's Falls is in Warren County, in the northern part of New York, about ten miles from the southern end of Lake George. It derives its name, as well as its existence, from a picturesque cataract in the Hudson, which affords vast water-power to numerous mills and factories. The falls consist of a series of rapids and cascades, along a descent of about eighty feet, the water flowing over ragged masses of black marble, which here form the bed and banks of the river. Hawk-eye, in Cooper's novel, "The Last of the Mohicans," has given an admirable description of these falls, as they appeared before the works of man changed their features. He is standing in a cavern, or irregular arched way, in the rock below the bridge, in the time of the old French War, with Uncas and Major Heywood, and Cora and Alice Munro, the daughters of the commandant at Fort William Henry, on Lake George, when Montcalm with his motley horde of French and Indians was approaching.

"Ay," he said, "there are the falls on two sides of us, and the river above and below. If you had daylight, it would be worth the trouble to step up on the height of this rock, and look at the perversity of the water. It falls by no rule at all: sometimes it leaps, sometimes it tumbles; there it skips, here it shoots; in one place 'tis as white as snow, and in another 'tis as green as grass; hereabouts, it pitches into deep hollows, that rumble and quake the earth, and thereaway it ripples and sings like a brook, fashioning whirlpools and gullies in the old stone, as if 'twere no harder than trodden clay. The whole design of the river seems disconcerted. First, it runs smoothly, as if meaning to go down the descent as things were ordered; then it angles about and faces the shores; nor are there places wanting where it looks backward, as if unwilling to leave the wilderness to mingle with the salt!"

The Indians gave this place the significant name of *Che-pen-tuc*—meaning a difficult place to get around. The white man first called the cascades Wing's Falls, in honor of Abraham Wing, who, with others from Dutchess County, New York, settled there under a grant from the crown, about the middle of the last century. Many years afterward, when Wing was dead, and his son was in possession of the falls and the adjacent lands, a convivial party assembled at table in the tavern there, which formed the germ of the present village of nearly four thousand inhabitants. Among them was Mr. Wing; also John Glen, a man of fortune, who lived on the south side of the river. The wine circulated freely, and it ruled the wit of the hour. Under its influence, Wing agreed to transfer to Glen the right of name to the falls, on condition that the latter should pay for the supper of the company. Glen immediately posted handbills along the bridge-path from Wing's to Schenectady and Albany, announcing the change in the name of the falls; and ever since they have been known as Glen's Falls. For a "mess of pottage" the young man sold his family birthright to immortality.

Glen's Falls village is beautifully situated upon a plain on the north side of the river, and occupies a conspicuous place in the trade and travel of that section of the State. The water-power there is very great, and is used extensively for flouring and lumber mills. The surplus water supplies a navigable feeder to the Champlain Canal, which connects Lake Champlain with the Hudson. There are also several mills for slabbing the fine black marble of that locality for the construction of chimney-pieces, and for other uses. These various mills mar the natural beauty of the scene, but their uncouth and irregular forms give picturesqueness to the view. The bridge crosses just at the foot of the falls. It rests upon abutments of strong masonry at each end, and a pier in the middle. The channel on the southern side has been closed by an abutment, and one of the chambers of the cavern, made memorable by Cooper, is completely shut. Below the bridge the shores are black marble, beautifully stratified, perpendicular, and in some places seventy feet in height. Between these walls the water runs with a swift current for nearly a mile, and, finally, at Sandy Hill, three miles below, is broken into rapids.*

* Lossing's "Book of the Hudson."



THE HUDSON AT GLEN'S FALLS.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE Rev. Canon Kingsley has been called "the novelist of the muscular Christian," and almost all his novels inculcate a Christianity consistent with, and even aided by, physical exercise and sturdy sports, the full enjoyment of physical life and the development of physical powers. Almost every one of his heroes is a stalwart fellow, brawny of muscle and excelling in strength; while many of his heroines are types of that full-blooded and energetic English feminine nature which no amount of exertion exhausts, and which, if a little wanting in sensibility and tenderness, makes up for it—at least in the novelist's eyes—by a healthfulness of spirit, frankness, innocence, and robust purity of thought and manner. His scenes, too, are mostly out-of-door scenes; his incidents, incidents of active though not often startling adventure. It were impossible to give Kingsley a definite rank and place among his brother English novelists; he is like no one of them either in aim or style; he is *sui generis* both in his field and in the special qualities of his composition. He has neither the exuberant and effortless humor of Dickens, the keen and subtle satire of Thackeray, the pyrotechnic flash and brilliancy of Reade, nor the placid and flowing ease of Trollope, who meanders through the even meadows of everyday life with no consciousness

that there is either real tragedy or comedy in this modern, prosy generation. Still, Kingsley has humor, unquestionable though often elaborate, and sometimes labored; occasionally he is brilliantly eloquent, almost always his page smacks a little of the pulpit; his imagination is not abundantly inventive, but reproduces abundantly from the stores of an observant, thinking, and (in the good sense) worldly mind, accustomed to theological speculation and exhortation, yet utterly free from cant, narrowness, or cloistral mildew.

CHARLES KINGSLEY is descended from an old and respectable "country" family—the best title an Englishman can possess to social

consideration—which for many generations maintained the position of well-to-do landed gentlemen in Cheshire. They appear for the first time in history during the wars between Charles I. and his Parliament, when the Kingsleys of Delamere espoused the anti-royal cause, and suffered therefor in life and estate. Cheshire, during these wars, held out stoutly, as a remote county with an extensive landed aristocracy should, for the king; the Kingsleys were, therefore, almost isolated, among their own class, in their attachment to the Parliament, and afterward to the Commonwealth. This was good stock to be

descended from, and our subject, despite his connection with the Establishment, often betrays the Puritan heaven of his composition in his writings. His father, Rev. Charles Kingsley, was, at the time of his son's birth, the occupant of Holmé Vicarage, near Dartmoor, in Devonshire, but subsequently became rector of the suburban parish of Chelsea. Charles the son was born June 12, 1819, and is now in the full prime of life, and mental and bodily vigor. His father undertook his early education, and was his sole preceptor until he was fourteen years old. As a boy, he was a "muscular Christian," manifesting a taste both for knowledge and for the lusty country sports for which his home afforded every opportunity. In 1833 he became a pupil of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, the second son of the great Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and now a prebend of St. Paul's, who was for some years principal of St. Mark's College,

Chelsea. Mr. Coleridge prepared him for King's College, London (a sort of urban Eton or Harrow) which he entered about 1835, shortly passing thence to Magdalen College, Cambridge. His university career was a promising augury of his future success. He distinguished himself both as a classical and as a mathematical scholar, taking a "first-class" prize in the former, and a "second-class" in the latter; meanwhile, becoming eminent in students' sports, among which—the most in vogue at Cambridge—were wicketing and boating. He also won a scholarship, which yielded a certain income to him until graduation.



Am. M. fruitfully
Charles Kingsley

Kingsley at first devoted himself to the law, and entered upon a course of reading with that profession in view. It is probably fortunate for himself and the world that this path was soon abandoned for the surplice; for neither the temperament nor the genius of the author of "Alton Locke" was fitted for the "fine-spun technicalities" of Westminster Hall and the circuits. The family means were not large, neither had the elder Kingsley the political or social influence which in England is necessary in order to obtain quick promotion in the Church. Charles Kingsley began his career in the ministry by accepting the curacy of Eversley, a small Hampshire parish; and by his own virtues, intellectual and social, won the regards of Sir John Cope, who owned the presentation to that "living," so that, upon the death of the rector, the baronet nominated him to that office. It was during the first years of his residence at Eversley that he employed his leisure in studying social questions suggested by the community immediately around him, particularly the condition of the working-men, and in his first attempts at romance. He had already written a poetical drama, "The Saint's Tragedy," which was well received. Some time after, he was appointed chaplain-in-ordinary to the queen, and often preached at St. James's Palace, St. George's Chapel, and other metropolitan churches. In 1859 he was chosen Professor of Modern History at Cambridge University; and in 1868 he was promoted to the dignity of a cathedral canon. Inasmuch as he is still in the prime of life, and the selection of bishops is made more often from the intellectual lights of the church now than formerly, it may not be too much to expect to see Kingsley some day adorned with the mitre, crook, and lawn sleeves, though such an apotheosis would, perhaps, make some of the readers of his rollicking descriptions smile.

The really interesting incidents of his life have been rather literary than ecclesiastical, although the English Church possesses few more earnest and active divines. An Irish member of Parliament once wittily described the Establishment as a beehive, of which all the occupants were drones. There is nothing of the drone in Charles Kingsley. He is a man of the world, keenly interested in the politics of the day, fond of philosophy, entering the lists against Darwin, and in favor of Eyre, with equal ease and impetuosity; a courtier whose personal graces please, and whose intellectual endowments have won the respect of royalty; a reformer, anxious for the elevation of the ignorant, and the alleviation of the poor and fatherless; and a social and popular member of the literary coterie of which Carlyle is the Nestor and guide. He is at home on almost every subject which arises from time to time to claim the attention of the community. He felt in the American war all the zeal and eagerness of a partisan in the conflict; he is an earnest worshipper of art; he has plunged with the heat of an enthusiast into trades-union questions and emigration questions, public-charity questions and ragged-school questions. Of and with his time, feeling in his own heart the magnetism of the brotherhood of humanity, marching forward in the achievement of progress, neither bound by superstitions nor unsettled by doubt, using his surplice like a wide-flowing garment and not like a strait-waistcoat, he is of that class of Anglican priests who give what life there is to the venerable polity to which he owes allegiance, and forcibly keeps its cumbrous and indolent body abreast with the existing generation. The versatility of his genius as an author is proved by the various topics which he has treated with success. He has written poetical tragedies and lyrical poems, desultory essays and historical disquisitions, romances and travels, papers on philosophy, theology, and the sciences.

The more successful and famous of his novels—those which won him his literary reputation—are, "Alton Locke," "Hypatia," "Two Years Ago," "Westward Ho!" and "Hereward, the Last of the English." Besides these, he has written "Phaeton—Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers," two volumes of lectures, "Alexandria and her Schools," and "The Roman and Teuton Lectures," "Miscellanies from Fraser's Magazine," several volumes of collected sermons, and, lastly, during the present year, "At Last, a Christmas in the West Indies," a book of travels.

Kingsley, while versatile in topic, is not versatile in style. Like Burke, his style has grown more ornate and more highly colored as he has grown older; it is like some tropical plants which, while they are bright and varicolored in their early growth, add luxuriant fruitfulness to beauty of leaf and stem in their maturity. Kingsley's eloquence, especially in the descriptive scenes in which he reveals, whether of character or of Nature, is sometimes oppressively rhetorical and imaginative, and his descriptions now and then become a sort of literary

bacchanal in their headlong abandonment. The great defect is a lack of discrimination and cool judgment. His latest book of travels is grandiose, and often "highflutin," and he appears to find even his exuberant vocabulary inadequate to the expression of his enthusiasm on beholding the marvels of the West Indies. But with him there is nothing affected or strained in this wealth of fancy and redundant rhetoric. It comes clearly from the intensity of his feelings, the overflowing vitality of his human nature. He sometimes seems to find the torrent of his words carrying him too far, for he stops and preaches or philosophizes, or discusses some detail of science, as if to wean himself from his enthusiasm, and raise himself to the level of calm reverie or speculation. But his enraptured soul is too much for him, and we soon find him drawn irresistibly back to his ecstatic contemplation of the beautiful and fruitful in the nature all about him. The same characteristics are everywhere displayed in his novels. These are, by no means, what are called "sensational." The plots are not labored into an inextricable maze and labyrinth like those of Collins and Reade; they are, most of them, even wanting in artistic consistency and unity; the framework, into which he weaves the web of his fancy, is a slight and not symmetrical one. Neither is there striking variety of character. This is evident as clearly, perhaps, in the male characters of "Two Years Ago," as in any of his works; they are mostly stalwart, healthy fellows, full to overflowing with physical vitality and intellectual freshness. In "Hypatia" his imagination found a wide, unbegged field in which to wander jocund and uncurbed; and here, perhaps, the richness of his fancy had its most proper place. In his novels of modern English life the irrepressible overcoloring and intensity of zeal mar the effect, and give an unnaturalness to the thread of the story as a picture of sober, real life. Yet this defect, or rather excess of an excellence, does not detract from the innocence and goodness which shine on every page. No one can help admiring Kingsley's ideal "muscular Christian"—his every-day heroism, his large though brusque generosity, the bigness and liberality of his soul, the heartiness of his pleasures, the manly courage of his sorrows; and Wilkie Collins's satire of "Geoffrey Delamaine" will not win any one from his love of Tom Thurnall. Kingsley is, perhaps, more successful in the portrayal of naturally noble, healthy, and really pure feminine character than any novelist of the day; for, although Charles Reade boasts of his familiarity with the female heart, he seldom paints a heroine of every-day life such as we may admire as both excellent and mortal. Like those of Dickens, Reade's heroines are too often insipidly "goody." Kingsley's women are really women, such as we may easily imagine to be living at this moment within the English social sphere; and he relies for capturing the affection of the reader upon sterling qualities of mind, heart, and body.

As a theologian, he is "broad" in spirit if not in sect, hopeful, optimistic—a sincere, earnest, and progressive liberal. He delivered, some months ago, a remarkable lecture at Sion College, on "The Natural Theology of the Future." This was *à propos* of Darwin's recent book on "The Descent of Man," and Mivart's rejoinder thereto, and was a luminous and courageous exposition of the light in which the best minds of the Anglican Church regard the progress of the sciences as affecting revealed religion. He maintained that theology "should keep pace with science as human thought changes and human science develops. . . . The demands of reason must be and ought to be satisfied," he declared. In this he showed himself a believer in that remarkable judgment of Lord Bacon, that "a little or superficial knowledge of philosophy may incline the mind of man to atheism, but a farther proceeding therein doth bring the mind back again to religion; for, in the entrance of philosophy, when the second causes, which are next to the senses, do offer themselves to the mind, if it dwell and stay there, it may induce some oblivion of the highest cause; but, when a man passeth on farther, he sees the dependence of causes . . . and will easily believe that the highest link of Nature's chain must needs be tied to the foot of Jupiter's chair." In this spirit Kingsley hails progressive science, and examines Darwinism with fairness and courage as well as with eloquent fervor. He ranks, as a Churchman, with the school of which Deans Stanley and Alford, and Bishop Temple, of Exeter, have long been the chief lights; believers in the spirit more than in the letter of the Christian faith; alive to the profounder needs of the Church; encouraging the men of science as "gallant and honest men," who have produced, in the last fifty years, results more enormous than they ever dreamed. Still, "they

find," says Kingsley, "below all the phenomena which the scalpel and microscope can show, a something nameless, invisible, imponderable, yet seemingly omnipresent and omnipotent, retreating before them the deeper they delve," in short, the Great First and Final Cause. Kingsley shows everywhere in his writings, both secular and religious, his hearty and healthy dislike of the dull and obstinate opposition of certain sections of his Church to the advance of the sciences, as if they feared that the philosophers would some day hit upon and demonstrate a First Cause which was not God. When Kingsley, a short time since, was elected president of the Devonshire Association of Science, Literature, and Art, in place of Froude the historian (with whom, by-the-way, he is on terms of literary and social intimacy), he pursued the same current of thought which distinguished his Sion-College lecture, referring to Darwin as "an illustrious man of science," and passing in rapid and eloquent review the progress of recent centuries, with a tone of honest and earnest exultation which shows how free he is from the timidity and shrinking of so many of his cloth. In short, the world, England, and the Church, owe much to Charles Kingsley. May he live long to write such stories and utter such truths as grace the pages of his already-accomplished work!

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

THE KING'S WOOING.

UPON his royal throne reclined the king,
 musing upon his greatness; while the ring
 Of glittering courtiers, clad in silken sheen,
 Clustered around him with obsequious mien.
 Still through his half-closed eyes the monarch gazed
 Down the great arches that with gilding blazed,
 Pondering upon his riches and his might,
 And how he was beloved in God's sight,
 Who gave him all this kingship and command,
 Making him ruler of this lovely land.
 He said, within his heart: "It were most meet
 That I should share my greatness and my seat
 With the fair daughter of some potentate,
 That so my palace be not desolate
 When I go hence; and mine own son shall sit
 Upon my throne, to show, with subtle wit,
 All the great deeds his sire before him did,
 Ere the dark grave his power and glory hid."

But one by one he thought them o'er and o'er,
 Each princess he had known in days of yore,
 And those who sought his court from day to day;
 Yet at each name the monarch murmured, "Nay!"
 No dame he found, before whose regal feet
 He might cast down his purple—none were meet.

Now in his palace dwelt a little maid,
 Pure as a lily; in her truth arrayed,
 As in a royal robe of righteousness;
 And day by day it was her happiness
 To do her service loyally and well,
 In her sweet soul no evil thought mote dwell.
 Fair was she as the fairest; her bright hair
 Swept in great waves adown her shoulders fair;
 Calm through the courts she went from day to day,
 Peaceful and glad on her accustomed way;
 A modest violet, by soft airs caressed,
 Holding a sparkling dew-drop in its breast.

"Hold!" mused the king; "here, in my palace proud,
 Dwells what I long for. Is it not allowed
 That a great monarch, powerful and strong,
 Who, serving God, fears neither ruth nor wrong,
 Should raise the lowly from their humble place,
 And set them among princes, face to face
 With the great glory of the dazzling sun?
 Yea, it is well, and so shall it be done.
 And now it mindeth me that I have seen
 This little maid, with her most modest mien,

Beneath her drooping lashes, passing by,
 Look in my face and breathe a tender sigh.
 In sooth, she loves me, and what wonder she,
 So lowly born, should worship one like me?"

Then summoned he his council in high state,
 And told them of this matter—how kind Fate
 Had set the fairest floweret of the land
 Where he might cull it with his royal hand.
 Up rose a white-haired man—his chamberlain—
 And said: "O king! thy thought is very vain.
 Nay, wouldst thou put affront upon us all,
 Whose service has been leal in field or hall,
 By taking one, base-born, thy serf, to be
 Our royal queen, to whom we bend the knee?"
 Then spake the monarch, with imperious tone:
 "Nay, now I swear it, by my royal throne!
 Peace, vain old man! How darest thou say this thing,
 And doubt the wisdom of thy lord the king?"

So, on the morrow morn, the chamberlain,
 Clad in his scarlet robe and golden chain,
 Went to the little maid and told her all—
 How this great glory on her life should fall—
 Bidding her three days thence, in pomp arrayed,
 Await the proud king's coming, unafraid.
 No answer made she for a moment's space,
 While the rich color faded from her face,
 As ebbs the purple tide in evening air
 From the vexed strand, and leaves it white and fair;
 Then, with a troubled look of wonderment,
 She said: "My lord, we servants are content,
 If the good king will let us earn our bread—
 Nay, the rich crown upon my humble head
 Would crush me to the earth with weight of bliss,
 Who am too low his royal hand to kiss;"
 So answered she, with neither yea nor nay,
 And then, with downcast eyes, she went her way.

"Ah!" said the king, "great joy hath made her dumb;
 She stands aghast! but, when the day shall come,
 She will appear in glittering garments dressed,
 And hide her sweet face, sobbing on my breast—
 As my soul lives, she loves me!"

That same night,
 When the deep darkness put the day to flight,
 Beneath his silken coverlet, the king
 Lay wakeful, pondering on this strange new thing;
 And straightway leaped to life within his heart
 A fierce new passion, which had had no part
 In all his life. He loved with all the strength
 Of a strong man who, waking, finds at length
 A mighty passion, which so masters him,
 That all his days seem aimless, waste, and dim.
 "O God!" he prayed, "Thou knowest I have been
 Thy servant alway. Are the ways unseen
 That I have walked? Hast Thou not known and weighed
 My greatness and my glory, all arrayed
 In Thine own cause? Now, therefore, give me grace,
 That I, unseen, may gaze upon her face;
 And, while night's shadows round my palace roll,
 I, looking through her breast, may read her soul;
 And, seeing the love with which she loves me, feel
 The bliss whose foretaste makes my senses reel."

Ere yet his prayer had died upon the night,
 An awful angel, clad in dazzling white,
 Stood by his bed. One moment looking down
 Beneath the canopy that held the crown,
 His wondrous eyes, so beautiful and sad,
 Shone on the king, who lay there proud and glad.
 "Vain man!" the angel said, with solemn tone,
 Lo, He who sits upon the eternal throne,

Has heard thy prayer, and answered; look and see!
Then ponder well on poor humanity.
Abjure thy pride, and do no worse sin,
That so the Lord of hosts may let thee in
When all are judged!"

He vanished while he spake.

A little space the monarch lay awake,
Until, far off, through dim, mysterious haze,
A modest chamber opened to his gaze.
Upon her little pallet lay the maid,
While through the lattice one bright moonbeam strayed,
Lighting the lustrous masses of her hair,
And her pale face, so wonderfully fair.
But lo! she wept and made her piteous moan.
"Dear Lord!" she cried, "why am I left alone
In this glad world, to bear such weight of grief?
Nay, pity me, and send some swift relief,
Or I shall die of this most bitter pain,
Which set such mad thoughts beating in my brain.
Why hath my face been fashioned fair and sweet,
Who am too lowly for a lofty seat?
Nay—now, my lord the king hath looked on me,
Most pitiful and sad my lot shall be;
Who love him not, but rather stand in fear,
Lest to his glory I should come too near;
For now base churls shall lay my body bare,
And scourge me from his presence; who am fair,
Too fair, for man's rude gaze of lust and scorn;
Ah! woe is me who for such shame was born."

So did she murmur, sobbing, till her breast
Seemed bursting with her sorrow; while she pressed
Her hands upon her temples, and arose
From her white bed. Then painfully as those
Who wander in deep darkness, toward the door
With naked feet she crossed the rush-laid floor,
And, 'neath a carven image on the wall,
Kneelt down and prayed. "No harm shall thee befall,
Beloved Fortunio, whom I love so dear,
That for thy safety is my greatest fear.
Sweet Virgin, pity me, and let me keep
Mine honor safe for him, who am so weak!
Nay, the dread king shall make no queen of me,
If thou prove true to me, as I to thee!"
Then gat she to her bed and laid her down,
The saddest maid within that royal town.
When down the east the stars began to creep,
Weary with grief she sobbed herself to sleep;
And all within the chamber was at rest,
Save the quick heaving of her little breast.

With morning rose the monarch, pale and sad,
While all the outer world seemed bright and glad.
In his proud palace all things grand and great
Seemed a stern mockery of his fallen state;
The gardens, and the fountains, and the trees—
His dear delights—what recked he of all these?
His wondrous wealth, that made the world grow dim,
Mere dust and ashes did it seem to him;
And meekly kneeling in his chapel-shrine,
He prayed to God, and said: "All these are Thine!
I am Thy servant—meaner than all they
Who on my bounty feed from day to day;
Do with me as Thou wilt; but give me grace
Through years of penitence to seek Thy face!"

Before his throne he called the youthful pair,
And gave them lands and lordships broad and fair,
With a great palace 'neath the mountain's crown,
Just one day's journey from the royal town;
Sending them forth in honor to abide
In the rich home they graced and glorified.—
Long years rolled by, and still the monarch reigned
With righteous rule; and any that complained

Of wrong were righted, until all men saw
The solemn majesty of truth and law.
In the great court-yard, by the palace-stair,
A stately column reared he high in air
Of fluted marble, on whose solid base
He left this legend for his royal race,
Carven in letters of the purest gold:
"All flesh is grass, and kings are common mould!"

EDWARD RENAUD.

OPIUM-SMOKING IN LONDON.

THE clock of the police-station in the extreme eastern part of London struck half-past eleven. "It is time to go," said the policeman, whom I had requested to accompany me in my tour of inspection to a quarter of the great city rarely trodden by strangers, and, as I was informed, not very safe. "If we go now, we shall find the company at the very height of enjoyment."

We accordingly set out. Our way led us through a row of narrow, dark, and filthy alleys, which, in offensiveness, are peculiar to London, until we reached a space still more dark and dismal-looking, if possible, the so-called New Court. This spot is the centre of a strange colony, consisting for the most part of Orientals of various nationalities—Lascars, Bengalese, Hindoos, but principally Chinese—together with the most repulsive and dangerous English and Irish rabble, of which refuse of mankind it is impossible for those who have not seen and become acquainted with them in London, to form a proper conception. New Court is regarded by this conglomerate of nations, whose external differences are, however, reconciled by one feature common to all—their filth—as the Alpha and Omega of existence, the sum total of the highest bliss, the paradise longingly coveted each evening—in brief, the heaven upon earth; for here Ya-hi, an old Chinese, who has lived in London many years, keeps an opium-house. Turks and East-Indians, Chinese and Greeks, sailors and vagabonds, thieves and beggars, men and women, are all on an equal footing at New Court, and gradually smoke themselves into sweet dreams and oblivious stupor.

We were at once admitted into the divan. Ya-hi himself seemed to me of a patriarchal age, though, since a long time, continually under the influence of opium. This state of somnolence, from early morning till late at night, does not, however, prevent him from attending to his business, and performing his duties as host; he sings, relates stories and anecdotes, drinks, cooks, and scolds, as the moment may require. A peculiar dry and empyreumatic smell filled the room (if the loathsome den deserves that name), a smell which contracted my eyelids in a twitching and painful manner, made my temples throb, as though a severe attack of megrim were coming on, and produced an irresistible inclination to cough, as though a feather were tickling my throat. This is caused by the fumes of opium pervading the place. The ringlets of smoke over us are opium, the air we inhale is opium; the tattered garments hanging on a rope drawn across the room are impregnated with opium, and full of opium are the torn curtains of the disgusting bed. Ya-hi's hollow, cadaverous face; the wild look of the young Lascar who opened the door for us; the stupid and sheepish motion of the jaws of the Chinese crouching upon the floor; the incoherent jabber of the Hindoo squatting upon the bed; the vehement gesticulations of the mulatto chatting by the chimney with an equally excited Manilese; the half-idiotic gabble of the negroes crowded together behind Ya-hi—these are all effects of one and the same cause.

Out of respect to us, the old Chinese, who was entertaining the company by making faces and all sorts of other nonsense, had lighted a thin taper, but it was some time before our eyes got used enough to the pungent smoke to distinguish more clearly the several parts of the gloomy scene. A broad, French bedstead occupied at least two-thirds of the room, and upon it were half a dozen brown-colored men lying around a Japanese tea-board with the opium-lamp. Whithersoever we turn, we see and hit against opium-smokers. The room is one huge opium-pipe, and its atmosphere is enough to stupefy one. Swarthy faces lurk from every corner, the whole room is like an ant-hill, and in utter astonishment I asked our Hindoo conductor who these strange customers of Ya-hi's were, where they lived, what occu-

pations they followed, and especially where they got the means to indulge in so expensive a habit as opium-smoking.

A fellow who had heard my questions jumped up abruptly, and, with a volubility truly wonderful, after the death-like silence in which he had just been cowering, chatters a multitude of details about himself and his comrades, his past and future, and how just then he happened in trouble.

"You see, sir," he cries, in broken English, "much, cursed much opium there, lasts two minutes, only two minutes, no longer. Costs fourpence, d—d dear, but d—d good. Can't get opium at home" (the Asylum for Asiatic Sailors), "so come to Ya-hi to take a dram, then go home again and sleep it off, sir. You understand, sir, for fourpence we can only smoke two minutes, but that is better than three, four, five glasses of rum. You like rum, don't you? We Bengalese like opium better, you know; try it—it's devilish good."

The fellow was, however, tolerably well dressed, his shirt was clean, and he wore a heavy gold watch-chain. He was a sailor, but without employment for the last five months. He had just engaged to go to sea again on the following Monday, and showed me an order for four pounds from the master of the vessel, complaining bitterly that they would not receive the order at the asylum or deliver up his effects to him. He looked rather dangerous as he was thus venting his anger against the "d—d set of dogs," and brandishing his opium-pipe as though it were a battle-axe, so that old Ya-hi, who was stretched on the floor, with his eyes half shut and his mouth wide open, commanded him to be silent. We could not understand the inarticulate cries the Bengalese returned for an answer, but Mother Abdallah, who had meantime entered from an adjoining room, kindly acted as our interpreter.

Mother Abdallah is a born Londoner, but, by living with Orientals for a considerable time, has learned to understand and mangle their language and dialects, having also assumed the habits and customs of the East. She is a somewhat pale, wrinkled lady, of about forty years, occupies the next room, where she, also, prepares and sells opium, and has come out to do the honors of the establishment, which she does with some degree of cleverness and grace. She confesses that she smokes opium, "but only for company's sake, or when asked by an acquaintance," she says, and maintains that nothing in the world is more beneficial to health than opium.

"Look at the court, gentlemen," continued she, "and think of the havoc the fever made there a year ago. But who were taken with it? Only those that didn't smoke any opium; of the smokers, only one had it, that you know, Mr. Brown"—turning to my companion of the police, with whom, it seemed, she was well acquainted—"but everybody else had. Look at that old man yonder, he is more than eighty years of age, and smokes opium all day long, rarely going to bed, yet look how wonderfully hardy and hale he is! No, gentlemen, you can't find a heartier old man than Ya-hi in this section of the town, and it would do your very hearts good to see how early he is about, washing, cleaning, and scrubbing the house, and mending his clothes, so that he may always look decent when his customers come. And he does every thing himself, too; he goes to market for fish and rice, cooking them as they are liked by his boarders.—Don't he, Tschin-tschin?"

Tschin-tschin is a Chinese whom I had more than once met in the West End. He there sells tracts and song-books for some religious association, and is numbered among the regular street features. Ya-hi is his landlord, from whom he gets board and lodging at a shilling per day. He does not appear to be of a very communicative disposition, however; for a grin is all the answer he gives to Mother Abdallah's question.

"The old man," that loquacious lady further tells us, "has been living here these twenty years, and looks to-day exactly as he did when he moved into the house. And what he does to-day he has been doing all along, having always had a few of his countrymen as lodgers. He understands how to prepare opium the way they like it, and I learned it from him, but am not conceited enough to think that I already understand it as well as he does. From all parts of London they come to smoke opium at Ya-hi's; some are street-sweepers, others are employed in tea-stores; one is a shopman, the other begs; but all would rather starve than do without opium, and know that they can't get it as good anywhere else as at old Ya-hi's. Not, that it is better in quality, gentlemen; no, it isn't that, but it's his way of preparing it, and that's his secret. That cup yonder, with the light in the middle, contains the opium; you see the thick stuff looks very much like treacle. They pick it out with a needle, roll it up in a little

ball about the size of a pearl, and smoke it till nothing is left.—Tell the gentlemen, Jack, how much you smoke every day. They call him, Tschin-tschin, John Potter, you know, because he was baptized; but he isn't quite right in his mind, and his own countrymen don't understand him sometimes."

Tschin-tschin is of the insinuating kind. He places his two hands upon my knee, and inclines his horribly-grinning, dark face close to my nose, so as to make me feel rather uneasy.

"Tschin-tschin smokes as much as he can get," he asseverates, "sometimes all night and day, if the Christian folks are good to poor Tschin-tschin."

After Ya-hi had bid us welcome by a silent nod, he did not again raise his head from his couch. Rolled up on the bed, clad in a shirt and trousers only, his shoeless feet crossed under him, he looked very queer, and only half turned toward the light at his side when lighting a fresh pipe. Excepting when an answer was made to some question of ours, a deathlike stillness had gradually come over the room. Once in a while, indeed, Tschin-tschin would attempt some original remark, but as a rule no one paid any attention to him—all were steeped in the intoxication produced by opium, which is usually not loud and noisy, not combative and pugnacious, but of a narcotic, absorbent character.

Since the evening here described, I have been at Ya-hi's four times, and have always heard his quiet and good order praised, but have always found him in the same somnambulistic state, and his establishment filled with opium fumes. His sunken eyes, his hollow cheeks, the parchment-like, cadaverous skin, his deathly paleness, give him the appearance of an ugly, long-forgotten mummy, while his immobility and the sublime indifference with which he keeps on smoking, it matters not who is around him, remind you of an automaton. How he can manage his little household, how he can guard against imposition and being taken advantage of, how he can regulate his incomings and outgoings, whence the power he has over his customers and their consumption of opium—these are mysteries I have not been able to fathom. And yet Mrs. Abdallah, my companion of the police, the India sailor, the Lascar who admitted us, all agree in saying that Ya-hi is an excellent housekeeper, a sharp buyer, and, for one of his stamp, a respectable host. To lie all day upon his back, with closed eyes, smoking opium, to tell anecdotes and sing fantastic songs, such as his morbidly excited brain begets, from midnight till morning, then go to market to buy fish and rice—verily, this is no small piece of work for an octogenarian!

Ya-hi, however, is the only old man seen there. All the others are young, though the vice to which they are addicted has long since robbed their faces of every trace of youthful bloom. But they are happy in these hours which they spend at Ya-hi's. The most ravishing visions dance before their eyes, as may be seen from the smiles of rapture playing from time to time upon their flaccid features. Who is able to represent by words the dreams, the dulcet and solemn airs, the rich feasts, the wondrous stories and dramas, the transporting amours, the stately gatherings, the luxurious revels, born of the bluish curls of smoke ascending in that wretched hole? Volumes upon volumes would be inadequate. But he who is once enchained by the opium habit is irrevocably lost to life and its activity, he is past all relief, and staggers into a premature grave; for Ya-hi's example does not form the rule, but is a remarkably rare exception. The opium-smoker may be likened to the dreamer in one of Bulwer's novels. The day is nothing to him, it is only the night—and he fancies himself in heaven when possessed of the few pence (though perhaps, just begged in the streets) which will immerse him in the inebriating Lethe. If celebrated poets and thinkers, as Coleridge and De Quincey, struggled in vain to free themselves from the control of the opium-demon, is it to be wondered at that Ya-hi and his poor Chinese, Malays, and negroes, whose existence is shared between but too real misery and imagined bliss, are unable to shake off the spell which binds them? Unfortunately, their example has been contagious. Among the lower classes of England and Scotland, women as well as men, opium-eating seems to be spreading more and more. In the drug-stores of Edinburgh a row of small, singular-looking packages may be seen lying ready every afternoon; these are the portions of opium working men and women get when they go home of an evening, after the conclusion of their day's work. Thus it seems that the crying wrong committed by England when, with arms in hand, she forced upon China her East Indian opium, will meet with a just but terrible retribution at England's own hearth.

TABLE-TALK.

IN commenting upon the recent malfaisance in the administration of our municipal affairs, one of our contemporaries asserts its belief that the corruption which has been brought to light is only "an outcropping of a universally underlying baseness." Our corrupt rulers have been proceeded against, it thinks, "not because they offend the public conscience, not because they have done wrong, not because they are the enemies of public virtue, not because their example demoralizes and debauches our children, not because they shame and disgrace us in the eyes of the world, not because they have stolen from us constantly, and not because they use us as clean means to dirty ends, for all these have they been doing for years, with our knowledge and consent; but because they have stolen so enormously that we are in danger of being ruined. This rouses us, and we find that we have a conscience, carried for convenience in the bottom of our pockets, and only stirred by thieves who reach very far down." There are, doubtless, a good many bad men in the world, and possibly there are "ten thousand men in New-York City alone, who would have been glad to do exactly what our rulers have done;" but these sweeping accusations against a whole community have no support in fact, and are, within their measure, as demoralizing almost as the corruption which they denounce. Communities are held together by interests so mutually dependent on each other that, if honesty were not the rule, civilization would be scarcely possible. No mere police force could suppress a "universal and powerful propensity to steal," and no government would be adequate to maintain order or justice if the great body of the community were bent upon disorderly or dishonest practices. It would simply be absurd to imagine that fifteen hundred policemen in New York would be sufficient to suppress the vicious propensities of a million people. Even if a mere majority of a people were corrupt, society would lose its cohesion, and a warfare ensue that would soon paralyze all the interests of the community. Affairs could not go on without confidence, and enterprises could not be undertaken if people were not trustworthy. The extent to which confidence enters into transactions, and the number of trusts that are reposed in people, are but imperfectly apprehended by many persons. In Wall Street, where, it is generally supposed, rogues most do congregate, a vast amount of money continually passes from hand to hand with no other guarantee than the honor of the persons interested, and, unless integrity were there the general rule, affairs could not proceed. Some of the great crimes of modern times have been rendered possible only by the fact that people, as a rule, are honest. Breaches of trust, for instance, arise from the fact that confidence abounds in our mercantile communities, which, of course, is occasionally misplaced. Not only are all these sweeping charges of general corruption essentially untrue, but they serve in a manner to promote the very evils complained of, by the discouragements in the interest of virtue

which they create. The specific charge that the people of New-York City have been generally venal because misrule has not hitherto been punished, is answered by the fact that the charges that for years have been so persistent, have been distrusted as too much a matter of political clamor, and, further, because the roguery, when recognized, has been too cautiously intrenched behind the technicalities of the law to be reached. The assertion that "only in New-York City could such things have happened" we consider as unfounded as all the other accusations. The general idea that great cities are more vicious and corrupt than other portions of the community we believe to be unfounded, and we find just at hand an article in the *London Spectator* which supports this view. "Country folk," says the *Spectator*, "believe London to be a sink of malaria and iniquity. As for the first, it is one of the healthiest towns in the world, and, but for one or two districts, might be the healthiest in England. So, too, in regard to criminality, contrary to the general belief, figures show that its habitual and suspected criminals are as one in seven hundred and eighty-four, while in such towns as Bath, Leamington, Scarborough, and Ramsgate, the proportion is one in two hundred and seventy-seven, and in what are classed as agricultural towns it is one in four hundred and thirty-three. In the eastern, midland, and southern counties, the number of criminals is usually twice, and occasionally four times, as great as in London. The rural villages are usually considered the homes of ideal purity and piety; yet, in comparison with them, London is twice as innocent, twice as healthy, and about four hundred times as charitable. This superiority in alms-giving seems to indicate a corresponding extent of pauperism; but benevolence, it is to be remembered, is more thoroughly systematized in London, while in the country there may be a great deal of want and suffering, with very inadequate relief."

— It is seldom, in these days, that *Blackwood* finds time or opportunity to touch on American topics; when such an occasion arises, however, the ex-Jupiter of British criticism preserves the old tone—somewhat more crack-voiced than formerly—of patronizing condescension and placid contempt for the actual truth about us. The fit took our aged critic, in the October number, to preach a little sermon to the British country squires who still "take it in," about "American books;" wherefrom we learn many things about ourselves and our authors, before unguessed, and wherein the "California school" of poets—especially Joaquin Miller—receives the benefit of plentiful and rather supercilious advice from the would-be Mentor of literary fledglings everywhere. The "easy manner in which an American beauty treats her lovers," the thriving of literature and the arts "in conjunction with washing and scrubbing," the very narrow sphere of our light literature, the artificial, conventional, and untrue life in New-York drawing-rooms, as compared with that in London drawing-rooms, the "doggerel" of Bret Harte, and the "jargon" of Hans Breitmann, are dwelt on with the calm, self-satisfied *gusto* which

we remember of old in *Blackwood*; and, but for a certain feebleness of diction and vagary of thought which betoken the advance of the decrepitude of age, we might fancy it still inspired by the intolerant and ill-natured but brilliant and vigorous coterie of Tory writers who once made its pages the spiciest if not the most instructive reading. The criticism of the article on Bret Harte's works, Miller's poems, Miss Phelps's little books, and Miss Alcott's, is not, perhaps, better than many which have appeared in our own periodicals. The only point in the article of present interest is included in its last paragraph, which excels in the expression of that sort of British Phariseism which always begins to crop out when any comparison is made between something British and something not British. Speaking of the publication of American books in England, *Blackwood* says: "Thus the scale has begun to turn in favor of the country which has been plundered so long of all the productions of its brain and fancy. But we are glad to see that England does not rob with the calm courage of America, and that these pretty little books are published by arrangement with the authors, with an honesty that publishers on the other side of the Atlantic would do well to copy. Fortunately for the character of England, not even the most deeply-injured of authors on this side of the Atlantic has ever recommended reprisals." Evidently, poor old *Blackwood* is behind the age; it seems to be still dreaming among the rumors of a past generation. It has not heard of the "arrangements with the authors" made by our publishing-houses, with Thackeray, Dickens, Reade, Collins, Tennyson, Browning, Eliot, Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, and indeed every prominent British author, by which they receive nearly if not quite as much as if there were an international copyright; nor do any rumors appear to have reached its dulled ears of piracies of the "Biglow Papers," Artemus Ward, O. W. Holmes, Longfellow, and other American writers, by British publishers. But, lest any one should be incited, by the above quotation, to oppose international copyright, it may be mentioned that *Blackwood* is the organ and representative of but a small minority of Britons, that minority comprising those peevish and discontented old fogies who bemoan the out-of-jointness of our times, and long to see the good old days of divine right, religious persecution, and the muzzling of the press, return again.

— It is gratifying to know that our Metropolitan Museum of Art, although in its infancy, is already of importance enough to elicit favorable comment from the art authorities of the Old World. In a late issue of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Ernest Chesneau, late Secretary of Count Nieuwerkerke, Minister of Fine Arts under the Emperor Napoleon, gives an extended account of its foundation, organization, and prospects, and of the treasures already secured for it. One hundred and seventy-four pictures, all of high quality and of attested origin, he says, have been purchased. In making selections, the committee have been assisted by M. Etienne Le Roy, the expert of the Royal Museum of Belgium, whose name in art-matters carries as much

weight as that of any other man in Europe. No canvas has been chosen without his approbation. The most of the pictures have belonged to galleries once well known to the art-world, among which may be numbered the collections of Lords Shaftesbury and Hastings, Cardinals Fesch, de Polignac, and Rubempre, the Grand-duke of Mecklenburg, the Duchess de Berri, the Marquis Maison, M. Louis Fould, and the Marquis d'Aligre. Among the most important of the purchases are "The Return from Egypt," by Rubens; "Diogenes and Alexander," by Gaspard de Crayer, which once hung on the walls of Malmaison, having been presented to the Empress Josephine by the city of Ghent; "The Triumph of Bacchus," and "The Infant St. John the Baptist visiting the Infant Jesus," by Jordans; "The Descent from the Cross," by Roger Van der Weyde, the identical canvas wanting in the series of the "Passion," in the Brussels Museum; "The Day after the Wedding," by the younger Teniers; "Les Moulins" and "La Colline," by "Velvet" Breughel, once the property of Rubens; and "The Seizing of the Golden Fleece," by Van Diepenbeck, a pupil of Rubens's. The collection also contains examples of Velasquez, Van Dyck, Van Ostade, Lucas, Cranach, and Jean and Andre Both, Terburg, Franz Hals, Hobbema, Huysmans, Jan Steen, Van der Helst, Snyder, Poussin, Thierry, Ruysdale, Greuze, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The authorities of the museum are also making an interesting collection of all the engravings of the pictures that have been made at different times; and those that have never been engraved are to be reproduced now. For this purpose they have secured the services of M. Jules Jacquemart, of Brussels, the illustrator of his father, M. Albert Jacquemart's, "History of Porcelain," and of other important works. He has already etched fifteen of the principal pictures. M. Chesneau adds that there is a rumor that these plates will form part of a sumptuous catalogue to be prepared, a happy innovation which, he thinks, will certainly be imitated in Europe. The *Indépendance Belge*, of Brussels, commenting on the remarkable success of the committee, expresses a fear that the galleries of Europe will suffer materially from American inroads; and seriously suggests that it may become necessary to interdict the exportation of art-treasures, as Italy has done.

— One of the most serious accusations against the régime of Napoleon III., was the lavish manner in which the people's money was spent on the luxurious decorating of Paris. Baron Haussmann, Prefect of the Seine, was the Parisian Tweed in extravagance; though no charge of peculation has been substantiated against the quondam genial host of the Hôtel-de-Ville. In this respect republican simplicity seems likewise to be departed from by his successor. M. Léon Say is one of the most accomplished officials of the present *interregnum*, with an artistic and literary taste, as well as a highly-respectable devotion to moderate republicanism. He is inaugurating his tenure of the prefecture—an office only inferior to a cabinet portfolio—by projects hardly less elaborate

and lavish than were those of the indomitable baron himself. Already the city has been restored to much of its former splendor, and a correspondent says that, were it not for the burnt-down Tuileries, Hôtel-de-Ville, part of Rue Royale, and part of the Rue de Rivoli, no visitor to Paris would believe that half of what is described has actually occurred within the past twelvemonth. Large-sized trees have been planted in the Champs Elysées, to replace those cut off by bombs and cannon-balls; many of the public edifices have been rebuilt; and as for the public gardens, they are once more as charming as in the days when Eugénie might have been seen threading their paths, and the military faces of the imperial courtiers discerned among the gay groups that thronged them. M. Say has, too, a practical turn. He has been making trials with street-paving, and has put down an experimental pavement, consisting of alternate layers of wooden planks, tar, and sand, on the Boulevard St.-Michel; thus following out the idea of abolishing stone-work altogether, which Napoleon is said to have done to get rid of the uncomfortable materials for possible revolutionary barricades. Seven new covered markets are in process of construction in the faubourgs, the result of which is expected to be the cheapening of cash-paid food. The police are still a power in Paris, which tourists at least will be gratified to learn; and the markets, old and new, are to be conducted under their "rules." Whether the new boulevards, projected but not completed by the princely Haussmann, are to be carried out, is not yet determined. The fact remains that, in all essentials to the pleasure-seeker, Paris is once more the brilliant, fascinating, and wicked siren of cities, and Continental centre of fashion, dissipation, and lounging; and, ere very long, if M. Léon Say is allowed by radicals and Bonapartists to retain his place, the palaces themselves will be restored, and new feasts be held in the Hôtel-de-Ville, where Baron Haussmann once so gorgeously entertained the Grand-Turk and the Czar of all the Russias.

— We introduce business matters in this place so far as to notify the large number of our subscribers whose subscriptions expire at the end of the year—with No. 144—that an early renewal of their subscriptions will prevent all delay in reëntering their names, which in the crowd of subscriptions at this period is likely to occur, and hence secure the uninterrupted mailing of their numbers. Subscribers will please note that the figures at the right of the name on the direction-label indicate the number with which a subscription terminates. A change of this number is proof that a renewal has been received; but the subscriber should not expect to find this change effected until, at least, the second number after he has instructed the renewal to be made.

Literary Notes.

LONGFELLOW'S new poem, "The Divine Tragedy," is founded on "the history of the 'Man of Sorrows' as related in the artless narratives of the Evangelists, and aims only

to reproduce, in the light of the imagination, the significant facts which form the gospel of Christian experience. The poet has performed his task in the 'chaste and awful spirit of devotion.' No presumptuous endeavor is made to adorn the severe simplicity of the venerable record with the graces of modern composition. The very words of the popular version have been retained, to a large extent, and, where their place is supplied by the language of the poet, the unity of spirit is preserved by the Scriptural cast of expression. A sacred antique flavor is thus imparted to the whole drama, which betrays the air of 'Jordan's groves of palm' quite as much as of the classic shades of Cambridge."

A very handsome and sumptuous volume, of which D. Appleton & Co. are the American publishers, is "The Homes of Other Days: a History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England, from the Earliest-known Period to Modern Times." This volume is an exhaustive and most entertaining examination of all existing evidence as to the habits, customs, and manners of our ancestors—a knowledge that is not only of the greatest interest, but one which is necessary in order to enable us to appreciate rightly the motives with which people acted, and the spirit which guided them. The author, Mr. Thomas Wright, announces that he was prompted to undertake the laborious but agreeable task of preparing the work by the perusal of Bulwer's "Harold." The research in this novel, exhibited in the descriptions of life at the time of the Saxon kings, led Mr. Wright to believe that a complete and carefully-prepared history of the domestic manners and economy of our forefathers would be a useful book. The task thus voluntarily undertaken has been well performed. The book is liberally illustrated and very handsomely gotten up.

"Mr. Disraeli has rarely thought fit to notice any of the gossip circulated about himself, however absurd or inaccurate it may be." So say his solicitors in a note to the *Leisure Hour*. He makes an exception in favor of that respectable periodical, and of Mr. James Grant's "Newspaper Press." Among other frolicsome romances, Mr. Grant inserted one "affecting," says Mr. Disraeli's solicitor, "to furnish a history of Mr. Disraeli's connection with the periodical press, the names of the journals he edited, describing even the furniture of the office he inhabited, and speculating on the amount of salary he received." Mr. Disraeli's solicitor pronounces the narrative "entirely fictitious," adding that Mr. Disraeli has never at any time edited any newspaper, review, magazine, or other periodical publication, and rarely contributed to any; and has never been paid for any thing he has written, except works which bear his name.

"Spite of the indifference," says a London correspondent, "with which Mr. Dickens is just now regarded in some literary circles, his Life, by John Forster, will be likely to find readers enough. The first volume of it, now advertised, covers the period from 1812 to 1842, and is to be enlivened with portraits and other illustrations. Mr. Forster's last biography, that of Walter Savage Landor, was a good deal overdone. The temptation to overdo Dickens may be even stronger, but the complaint of it will be less, simply because Dickens belongs to the multitude, while Landor, with all his wonderful genius, was certainly 'caviare to the general.'"

Professor Scheldt de Vere's "Americanisms, the English of the New World," is in the

main a valuable contribution to the popular study of philology. The idioms and phrases peculiar to the different sections of the Union are classified, and their origin investigated. We discover the contributions made to the vernacular by the Indians, the immigrants, and those arising from the new conditions and aspects of life; and we have traced the peculiarities of expression that have grown up aloft and ashore, in trade and in politics. The book is full of curious and interesting information. Published by Scribner & Co.

"Buds and Flowers" is a volume of poems by Mary Howitt, illustrated with rare skill and beauty by H. Giacomelli, whose drawings for Michelet's "Bird" have been so much admired. The engravings are exquisitely executed, and the volume in all particulars is a choice product of book-making skill.

An Italian author, Professor Paolo Mantegazza, is about to publish in Italy a work in two volumes, which will treat of the fact that man, in every time and in every climate, seeks for inebriating liquors, and that civilization always seems to invent, at every step, some new liquor and some new stimulating aliment.

Messrs. Scribner & Co. have begun the publication of "The Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure," edited by Bayard Taylor. The initial volume of the series is devoted to "Japan," and this will be followed by "Arabia," "South Africa," and "Wild Men and Wild Beasts."

"Mountain Adventures in Various Parts of the World" forms the latest volume in the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," published by Scribner & Co. It consists of selections from the narratives of distinguished travellers, giving large space to the Alpine adventures of Professor Tyndall, and is liberally illustrated.

Two new juvenile books come to us from Messrs. Dodd & Mead. One is entitled "The August Stories," by Jacob Abbott, whose hand loses none of its skill in juvenile writing; and the other, by Jennie Harrison, bearing the title of "The Old Back Room." These books are illustrated and handsomely printed.

The "Collected Works" of Paul Heyse have been published by Wilhelm Hertz, of Berlin. The first volume contains the poems, two volumes consist of stories in verse, four of stories in prose, and the last two volumes contain the dramatic works.

A Russian version of Mr. Charles Darwin's "Descent of Man" has been published at St. Petersburg by Mr. E. Blagovietzof.

Two new books, by Mr. Ruskin, are announced in London—"Munera Pulveris" and "Lectures on Scripture."

Miscellany.

French and English.

M. TAINÉ has written a series of letters to a Parisian paper on the state of things in England, in the last of which he makes a summary of his observations in a comparative view of England and France in three or four important respects. The comparison is discriminating, and not altogether favorable to English pride. In the matter of religion, England has the advantage. It subordinates all rites and dogmas to morality; it advocates and preaches self-government, liberty of conscience, the cultivation of the mind. It leaves a sufficient margin for individual sentiment and in-

terpretation. Its priests are married; it founds schools; it recommends action, but does not counsel asceticism. The young man, on entering into life, finds himself to a certain extent bound to and guarded by an *ensemble* of ancient, popular, fortifying creeds and principles, which trace out for him a rule of conduct, and give him a noble opinion of the world, which is far from being the case in France. France has a few men of higher political capacity, genius, and culture, than England, but the latter has far more men who are well informed. Not only does the Englishman know better than the Frenchman how to conduct public and private affairs, fertilize his ground, improve the breed of his cattle, direct a manufactory, cultivate, colonize, and work the resources of distant countries, but he also knows better how to cultivate himself. But the climate of France is incomparably superior to that of England; and it is impossible to imagine, without personal experience and mature reflection, how much sadness of mind and bodily ailment may be produced or avoided by a difference of at least six or eight degrees in the temperature. England has more wealth; it has not been invaded for eight hundred years, nor had civil war for two hundred, and its capital is vastly larger than that of France. But in the latter country the property is much more evenly distributed than in the former. It has between four and five millions of proprietors. French institutions, instincts, and habits, all combine to secure a little to every one, while no one shall monopolize too large a share. Many live shabbily, but almost all can live without much difficulty. The wretched are less miserable; the workman who has only his arms does not feel a horrible abyss beneath him, into which an accident, the want of work, or sickness, may cause himself and his family to fall. Having fewer wants and fewer children, he bears a less heavy burden; besides, misery and want demoralize him to a lesser extent, and he is less addicted to drunkenness than the laborer of England. The Frenchman is naturally more gay and communicative, and more disposed to form connections, than the Englishman. The equality established by the law or by usage between parents and children, the eldest and the youngest, the husband and the wife, the nobleman and the plebeian, the rich and the poor, suppresses much constraint and tyranny, obviates much insolence, and softens much asperity. In the small domestic circles, the French are more entirely open and confiding; they live together more freely and affectionately; and, in the higher social circles, they talk with less restraint, and associate with more gayety than the English. There is less restraint at home, and with friends; kindness and politeness replace subordination with advantage. In France a human creature feels less often and less heavily the rude and despotic hand of another human creature on his head. In romance, art, philosophy, and criticism, the French are less trammelled by social etiquette and religion than the English. In Paris, in particular, they think more freely, with more entire disinterestedness, in a more abstract manner, without preoccupation as to the application, without fear of the thunder of public reprobation. The conclusion to which M. Tainé is brought by his studies is that, while the Englishman is the stronger character, the Frenchman is the happier—which is doubtless true; and the American certainly ought to be stronger than either, and happier than both of them.

Changes in Japan.

History does not record a more remarkable revulsion of feeling and change of time-honored customs than has taken place in Japan since

the close of the war that reestablished the Mikado in the temporal supremacy of his predecessors and drove the usurping Tyeoon into forced retirement. At the close of the war, the government, never rich, dependent on the Daimios, true feudal princes, for both money and men, was in no position to carry out the many changes and reforms that the best men in Japan felt to be all-important. At this juncture, several prominent Daimios voluntarily resigned to the government their entire revenues and all their troops, asking only for a moderate salary as a recompense. Their example was followed by others, till the interests of the government as well as the sentiment of the country seemed to warrant the action which was taken, after much deliberation, upon the 13th of August. By decree, the lands and troops of the Daimios throughout the country revert to the Imperial Government, and the Daimios themselves are placed upon a reasonable salary hereditary in their families. So far, this tremendous change appears to have been effected without serious opposition, and the great feudal lords of Japan will probably drop out of sight as such, like their brethren, the mediatised princes of Germany. At all events, their power is broken, and to-day but few of them are filling positions in the government of the Mikado, or Tenno, as he is more properly called. With the Daimios must disappear the Ronins, their disbanded followers, "masterless men," wandering desperadoes, long one of the curses of Japan.

Many minor changes have also been made. Beheading, as a punishment for crime, has been replaced (probably with but little difference to the criminal) by hanging, at least in most cases. Haru-kiri is rapidly going out of practice. And inquisitive travellers will hereafter be surprised and disappointed by finding that the sale and publication of obscene books and prints has been prohibited, though, of course, foreigners of prurient minds will be as able to obtain them as those of similar tastes in New York. Nor is it in social and political matters only that a change is taking place. The government of the Tenno is in favor of the Sinto form of religion, of which little is known by foreigners and less understood, while the late government was Buddhist. The people, however, seem at present but little devoted to either. The gorgeous Buddhist temples are fast going to decay; but few worshippers are to be seen at the shrines; but few of their shaven priests in the streets; and the magnificent suites of chambers attached to almost every temple are utilized by the government according to its necessities, many being occupied as barracks, others as schools. One thing seems universally acknowledged by the more intelligent natives, and that is, that the days of Buddhism are numbered.

The Whole Story.

Oh, yes—I'll tell you the story,
The very words that were said:
You see, the supper was cooking,
And I was slicing some bread,
And Richard came into the pantry,
His face was exceedingly red;

And he opened his half-shut fingers,
And gave me the glimpse of a ring;
And then—oh, yes, I remember,
The kettle began to sing;
And Fanny came in with her baby,
The cunningest bit of a thing.

And the biscuit were out in a minute—
Well, what came next? Let me see—
Oh! Fanny was there with the baby,
And we all sat down to tea;
And grandma looked over her glasses
So queer at Richard and me

But it wasn't till after milking
That he said what he had to say.
How was it! Oh, Fanny had taken
The baby and gone away—
The funniest rogue of a fellow—
He had a new tooth that day.

We were standing under the plum-tree,
And Richard said something low,
But I was tired and flustered,
And trembled, I almost know;
For old Red is the hardest of milkers,
And Brindle so horribly slow.

And that—let me see—where was I!
Oh! the stars grew thick overhead,
And we two stood under the plum-tree
Till the chickens flew up to bed—
Well, he loves me, and we're to be married,
And that is—about what he said!

Mr. Beecher on the Darwinian Theory.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent sermon, said: "There has been so much light and darkness thrown by recent research as to the origin of man on earth, that men need to be taught as to what are facts and what are fancies. That speculative deductions from scientific facts have worked and are working mischief, is undeniable. They are ungirding the loins of Christians and sending them out without any historic faith. Seeing this mischief, there are some who shut their eyes and close their ears, and will have none of science, and these err almost as mischievously. As to the antiquity of the race, it may certainly be said that the old chronologists were incorrect and imperfect. Man began farther back than the six thousand years they fixed for his beginning. The Scriptures do not undertake to meddle with this question, and in removing the date of man's appearance we do not unsettle them. All present organizations have probably developed from previous forms. The Divine method of creation was through a long series of gradually-occurring developments, so it is only the method of operation which need be doubted—the operation itself remains the same. Concerning mankind there are three views: First, that the race descended from one pair in Eden, who were originally perfect, but who degenerated through some moral delinquency, and whose descendants, inheriting their badness, have been plunged into all sorts of moral confusion. The second view is that, according to the Bible, there were several distinct origins, and that this is true of only one line of the race; and the third view regards man as but the extension of the animal kingdom. This view gives great offence to common people on moral ground, and, also for scientific reasons, it offends many. Logicians say: 'It is a reasoning that, like the kangaroo, proceeds by mighty jumps. It is an instance of philosophical imagination, rather than philosophical research and deduction.' It is not to be denied that there are multitudes doubting, ay, and unbelieving, because of these speculations; they have also tended to enhance the power which makes the strong domineer over the weak. These serve to make the negro not a human being in the same sense that a Caucasian was. The plane of the Ethiopian seemed that of service. A new theory of rights has thus come into vogue, that right is only a question marking certain degrees of position and power.

"There are now two points presenting themselves for consideration: First, that whatever theory prevails as to the origin of man, cannot alter the fact that man came into the world by Divine method; and, secondly, as far as our duty is concerned, we are more interested in knowing what he is than how he came to be

here. Man may be studied—it is for us to know of what he is susceptible—and this is a question of more importance than what road he took to get where he is now. In regard to myself, I am a patient waiter for light. I neither accept nor reject, but I am bound to say that my faith is not afraid to take light from whatever source it may come. The truth is better for us than any thing else. As to the present condition of the human family, I am very clear and confident. The race of man is, in every respect, so much one that we are all heirs alike of moral benefits, however we came here. God made all mankind of one blood.

"I reach out hands to Science. I believe it to be God's elect, not yet knowing its own mission. It is a means God has used to reveal Himself more clearly. All hail the men who think and search! I bid them speed; but I cannot afford to say to any modern deductor, 'Take my faith.' That is too precious to be abandoned. My greatest desire is to see a higher spirit of sympathy for every good and progressive work in the earth."

The Tower of Magdala.

MARY MAGDALENE.

Companionless, unsatisfied, forlorn,
I sit here in this lonely tower, and look
Upon the lake below me, and the hills
That swoon with heat, and see as in a vision
All my past life unroll itself before me.
The princes and the merchants come to me,
Merchants of Tyre and princes of Damascus,
And pass, and disappear, and are no more;
But leave behind their merchandise and jewels

Their perfumes, and their gold, and their dust.

I loathe them, and the very memory of them
Is unto me, as thought of food to one
Cloyed with the luscious figs of Dalmanutha!
What if hereafter, in the long hereafter
Of endless joy or pain, or joy in pain,
It were my punishment to be with them
Grown hideous and decrepit in their sins,
And hear them say: "Thou has brought us here,
Be unto us as thou hast been of old."

I look upon these garments that I wear,
These silks, and these embroideries, and they seem

Only as ceremonies wrapped about my limbs!
I look upon these rings thick set with pearls,
And emerald and amethyst and jasper,
And they are burning coals upon my flesh!
This serpent on my wrist becomes alive!
Away, thou viper! and away, ye garlands,
Whose odors bring the swift remembrance back

Of the unhallowed revels in these chambers!

But yesterday—and yet it seems to me
Something remote, like a pathetic song
Sung long ago by minstrels in the street—
But yesterday, as from this tower I gazed,
Over the olive and the walnut-trees
Upon the lake and the white ships, and won-
dered

Whither and whence they steered, and who
was in them,

A fisher's boat drew near the landing-place
Under the oleanders, and the people
Came up from it, and passed beneath the tower,
Close under me. In front of them, as leader,
Walked one of noble aspect, clothed in white,
Who lifted up his eyes, and looked at me,
And all at once the air seemed filled and living
With a mysterious power, that streamed from
him,

And overflowed me with an atmosphere
Of light and love. As one entranced I stood;

And when I woke again, lo! he was gone;
So that I said: "Perhaps it is a dream."
But from that very hour the seven demons,
That had their habitation in this body
Which men call beautiful, departed from me!

This morning, when the first gleam of the
dawn
Made Lebanon a glory in the air,
And all below was darkness, I beheld
An angel, or a spirit glorified,
With wind-tossed garments walking on the
lake.

The face I could not see, but I distinguished
The attitude and gesture, and I knew
'Twas he that healed me. And the gusty
wind
Brought to mine ears a voice, which seemed to
say:

"Be of good cheer! 'Tis I! Be not afraid!"
And from the darkness, scarcely heard, the
answer:

"If it be thou, bid me come unto thee
Upon the water!" And the voice said:
"Come!"

And then I heard a cry of fear: "Lord, save
me!"

As of a drowning man. And then the voice:
"Why didst thou doubt, O thou of little
faith!"

At this all vanished, and the storm was hushed,
And the great sun came up above the hills,
And the swift-flying vapors hid themselves
In caverns among the rocks! Oh, I must find
him

And follow him, and be with him forever!

Thou box of alabaster, in whose walls
The souls of flowers lie pent, the precious
balm

And spikenard of Arabian farms, the spirits
Of aromatic herbs, ethereal natures
Nursed by the sun and dew, not all unworthy
To bathe his consecrated feet, whose step
Makes every threshold holy that he crosses.
Let us go forth upon our pilgrimage,
Thou and I only! Let us search for him
Until we find him, and pour out our souls
Before his feet, till all that's left of us,
Shall be the broken caskets that once held us!

— From Longfellow's "Divine Tragedy."

Children's Arms.

A distinguished Paris physician says: "I believe that, during the twenty years I have practised my profession, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms. Put the bulb of a thermometer into a baby's mouth, and the mercury rises to ninety degrees. Now carry the same to its little hand; if the arm be bare, and the evening cool, the mercury will sink to fifty degrees. Of course, all the blood that flows through these arms must fall from ten to forty degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say, when these currents of the blood flow back to the chest, the child's vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we ought not to be surprised at its frequent recurring affections of the tongue, throat, or stomach? I have seen more than one child, with habitual cough or hoarseness, entirely relieved by simply keeping the hands and arms warm."

A Word for Novels.

Novels familiarize men's minds with societies not confined to any age, country, or class. The poorest student treads palace-rooms; the seamstress in her garret penetrates into the most exclusive boudoirs. The pauper without a vote takes part in the highest politics of past

times. Suggestions of philosophy, of wisdom, clothed with personality, are gradually drunk in; and the reader rises bettered; not taught the most approved kind of drainage of work-house, or lunatic asylum, but so lifted above the meaner thoughts of daily life that on all subjects presented to him he is inspired to take a broad and generous view. Man does not live by bread alone, nor by facts alone. We are not all of us statesmen, statisticians, or students, careful to read every thing on both sides of the question, and to test every assertion. The world is moved by feeling more than by interest or argumentative power; an able novelist may enlist on the side of justice that large force of public feeling which is called the opinion of the day, without which the legislative machine could not be made to move. To lift men up, to make them superior to daily needs, to make them forget animal wants and habitual littleness, is in itself of the greatest and purest use.

Chinese Jugglers.

That same night a juggler appeared, who was one of the Great Khan's slaves, and the amir said to him, "Come and show us some of your wonders!" Upon this he took a wooden ball with seven holes in it, through which long thongs were passed, and, laying hold of one of these, slung it into the air. It went so high that we lost sight of it altogether. (It was the hottest season of the year, and we were outside in the middle of the palace court.) There now remained only a short end of a thong in the conjurer's hand, and he desired one of the boys who assisted him to lay hold of it and mount. He did so, climbing by the thong, and we lost sight of him. The conjurer then called to him three times; but, getting no answer, he snatched up a knife, as if in a great rage, laid hold of the thong, and disappeared in his turn. By-and-by he threw down one of the boy's hands, then a foot, then the other hand and the other foot, then the trunk, and, last of all, the head! Lastly, he came down himself, puffing and blowing, and with his clothes all bloody, kissed the ground before the amir, and said something to him in Chinese. The amir gave him some order in reply, and our friend then took the lad's limbs, laid them together in their places, and gave a kick, when, presto! there was the boy, who got up and stood before us!

Foreign Items.

A STRANGE exhibition of histrionic sensitiveness took place recently at the opera-house in Geneva, Switzerland. Gounod's "Faust" was performed, and one Mlle. Dufaire sang Marguerite. During the first act the other singers won more applause than she. This mortified her so much that she refused to go on the stage in the second act. A novel scene now ensued. The manager stepped before the curtain and said that Mlle. Dufaire refused to sing because the audience discriminated against her in the applause. He appealed to the gentlemen to do better toward her. Some laughed and refused, but most of the audience promised to gratify her. So she reappeared. A storm of applause greeted her. She wept tears of joy. Renewal of the applause. The other actors now grew jealous in their turn, and refused to play. So the manager had to dismiss the audience and refund the money.

The St. Petersburg *Golos*, a semi-official organ, says: "The Lutherans in other countries are somewhat exercised about what they

call the persecution of their co-religionists in the Baltic provinces of this empire. Would they not do well to study the subject a little more closely? They would find, then, that all the Lutherans in those provinces want to do is to oppress the members of the Orthodox Church, who constitute the majority of the population there."

Dr. Voelk, of Vienna, who has the reputation of being more familiar with Persian affairs than any other man in Europe, predicts that the famine in Persia will have in the beginning of spring terrible consequences for Europe and America. He says that the cholera will, in January, penetrate with redoubled virulence through the Caucasian countries into Russia, and spread thence all over the west and south of Europe, and soon after reach America.

Originally it was the intention of the Emperor Alexander to send the grand-duke hereditary, and not Alexis, to the United States. The repugnance of the grand-duchess hereditary, who is a great favorite of the emperor, to the project, and the fact that his eldest son is hardly familiar with English, while Prince Alexis speaks it fluently, caused the czar to decide in favor of the latter.

A Frankfort editor had written an article in which he asserted that the Emperor William, during the late war, had allowed himself frequently to be misled by incompetent persons. The district attorney preferred against the editor the charge that he had used undue language in regard to his majesty, and urged the court to imprison him for two months. The editor, however, was acquitted.

The advocates of women's rights in Germany are jubilant. An eminent jurist asserts, in the *Berlin Cross Gazette*, that the constitution of the German Empire confers the right to vote on every woman over twenty-one years of age. Other competent authorities take the same ground.

Count von Beust was so surprised, when the Emperor of Austria asked him to offer his resignation, that he came near fainting. The emperor had to ring the bell for a glass of water, and the two could not continue their conversation until fifteen or twenty minutes afterward.

The Swiss minister at Copenhagen has been recalled by his government. For several years he had done a thriving business by importing goods into Denmark free of duty, under the pretext that they were his private property.

The military critics in Germany concur in pronouncing General Manteuffel and the Grand-duke Frederick Francis of Mecklenburg-Schwerin the two most incompetent commanders of the German armies during the recent war.

The new Chancellor of Austria, Count Andrássy, is the most popular pamphleteer of Hungary, and the new prime-minister of the Vienna Cabinet, Count von Auerperg, is one of the most eminent German poets.

The Emperor of Germany had no less than fifteen thousand applications for the cross of merit from ladies who acted as nurses during the war. Only three thousand of them were successful.

Minnie Hauk, the American prima-donna, has been offered by the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, with whom she is a great favorite, the position of *cantatrice* to her majesty for life.

Louisa Mühlbach has caused Count Benedetti to withdraw the libel-suit he had instituted against her. She proved that the history of his wife in her work on Egypt was written in good faith.

Bismarck wants to sell the magnificent estate of Schwartzsbeck, which the Emperor William presented to him several months ago. The price asked is fifteen hundred thousand dollars.

The great enterprise to connect the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea by a large navigable canal will be realized in the course of five years. It will cost eighty-three million dollars.

Shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" and groaning President Thiers's name cost the other day some ardent Bonapartists in Corsica one week's imprisonment on bread-and-water.

George Sand has purchased all the copies of her book against Musset, her former lover, that could be found in France, and destroyed them.

A Hamburg journal predicts that upward of half a million dollars will be collected in Germany for the relief of the Chicago sufferers.

The Bey of Tunis recently paid the Sultan of Turkey forty-five hundred thousand dollars in order to secure to his descendants the hereditary right to rule over Tunis.

Two hundred and nineteen insurgents have been shot by the French troops in Algeria since the breaking out of the insurrection in that country.

Jules Favre, the French statesman, recently said to an English diplomatist that he was sure there would be a general European war in less than twelve months.

The new military organization of Germany enables the emperor, in case of war, to put within five days an army of thirteen hundred thousand men in the field.

A Hungarian scholar, Eberdeny, has published a Greek, Arabic, Persian, and Sanscrit translation of five poems, among which is Bryant's "Thanatopsis."

There are altogether two hundred and two princes and princesses of royal blood in Europe.

The physicians of Bogumil Dawison, the eminent German tragedian, have now finally pronounced him hopelessly insane.

The present French Cabinet is one of very wealthy men. The ministers together are believed to be worth twenty-five million francs.

The new criminal code of Germany is the most lenient now in existence in any country.

Garibaldi realized about one thousand francs from the copyright of his novels.

France has seventeen masonic periodicals, and Germany thirty-nine.

The president of the German Supreme Court is the son of a poor huckster-woman.

There are in France only four copies of the "Encyclopedia Britannica."

There is not a single native of Turkey in command of a Turkish man-of-war.

The epicures in France are dejected in consequence of the failure of the truffle-crop.

Varieties.

IN one of the Ohio towns a citizen had rendered himself obnoxious to the rest of the community, so he was placed in the hands of a vigilance committee for treatment. The chairman of the committee made the following report: "We took the thief down to the river, made a hole in the ice, and proceeded to duck him, but he slipped through our hands and hid under the ice. All our efforts to entice him out failed, and he has now retained his point of advantage some hours."

A wonderfully rich "streak" has been struck at the Gwin Mine, Lower Rich Gulch, Calaveras County, California, a piece of rock weighing two ounces and a half yielding the assayer one hundred and sixty-six grains of gold. At this rate a ton would yield fifty-three thousand one hundred and forty dollars. The rock so closely resembles the slate of which the walls of the lead are composed, that it has heretofore been taken out and thrown away with other debris from the mine.

An English writer has recently asserted that the undue proportion of lime in the system is the cause of premature gray hair, and advises us to avoid hard water, either for drinking pure or when converted into tea, coffee, or soup, because hard water is always strongly impregnated with lime. Hard water may be softened by boiling it; let it become cold, and then use it as a beverage.

A very fine specimen of the rough diamond, as found at the Cape of Good Hope, was recently offered at a jewelry sale in Lon-

don. The stone weighed over twenty-three carats, and appeared to give every promise of becoming, under the cutter's hand, a fine brilliant. It was knocked down, after a sharp competition, at thirty-three hundred and fifty dollars.

The committee of Protestant missionaries at Peking, who have for some time been engaged in preparing a revised edition of the Bible in Chinese, have nearly completed their labors, and the revised text will shortly be published by the American mission press within the walls of the capital.

It is thought that ten million acres of woodland are swept off every year in this country. Before long this must be stopped. The *American Agriculturist* says that the country for its highest productiveness needs one-fifth of its whole surface covered with forest.

Our city friends, and friends from the country visiting the city, who may desire to make purchases of watches or jewelry, will find Mr. F. J. Nash, 712 Broadway, to possess a good stock of articles, and to be, as we have good reason to believe, entirely trustworthy in his transactions.

Unprotected female (awaking old gent on a steamboat): "Oh, mister, would you find the captain? I'm sure we're in danger. I've been watching that man at the wheel; he keeps turning it round, first one way and then the other, and evidently doesn't know his own mind."

Sealing-wax is not wax at all, nor does it contain a single particle of wax. It is made of shellac, Venice turpentine, and cinnamon.

The latter gives it a deep-red color, and the turpentine renders the shellac soft and less brittle.

The London *Public Opinion* gives a report that J. A. Froude and Wilkie Collins contemplate visiting the United States in the capacity of public lecturers.

The Mayor of St. Louis has declined to issue any more permits for wooden buildings in that city. It is said that at the West brick buildings cost only fifteen per cent. more than wooden ones.

The largest sperm-whale ever caught was taken by Captain Gifford, of New Bedford, in the North Pacific, a few months ago. He yielded one hundred and forty-one barrels of sperm-oil.

St. Louis has a direct trade with ten thousand miles of navigable rivers. Her capital invested in river-interests is six million dollars.

A grand-jury at Terre Haute has found a bill against two peddlers who sold bits of scented candles as "solidified perfumery."

The young King of Bavaria has enormous ponds and gardens upon the roof of his Munich palace.

Mrs. Moore, of Indiana, thrashed her husband for getting drunk, and the Louisville *Ledger* calls her "the bride of Lam-a-Moor."

An English locomotive has been run seventy-seven miles an hour.

Opium-eaters are recommended to wean themselves on hydrate of chloral.

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JULIAN HAWTHORNE, son of the distinguished romancist, will continue to contribute poems and stories to the JOURNAL. This young writer exhibits, it is generally conceded, not a little of that peculiar and original genius which has made the name of Hawthorne so famous in English literature.

Colonel JOHN HAY, the brilliant author of "Little Brooches," "Jim Bludsoe," and "Castilian Days," will contribute occasionally.

R. H. STODDARD will furnish occasional biographies of the poets. "LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE," a brilliant novel, by the author of "Annals of an Eventful Life," will form the leading serial during the early part of the year.

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!" a novel of singular charm and freshness, from the brilliant and vivacious pen of RHODA BROUGHTON, author of "Red as a Rose is She," etc., is now publishing in its pages.

Professor SCHULE DE VERRE, of the University of Virginia, will continue his series of highly-entertaining papers on popular science.

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APPLETONS' JOURNAL—CONTENTS OF NO. 143, DECEMBER 23, 1871.

	PAGE		PAGE
OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH. (With an Illustration.) By John Estlin Cooke.....	701	CUNDUR-ANGU. By James Orton.....	714
LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE: Chapter IX. (With an Illustration.) By the author of "Annals of an Eventful Life.".....	708	LEFT FREE. By Grace Webster Hindsdale.....	715
"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"—Part II.: Chapter VI. By Rhoda Broughton, author of "Red as a Rose is She," etc. (From advance-sheets.).....	706	THE HUDSON AT GLEN'S FALLS. (With an Illustration by Harry Fern.).....	715
THE STORY OF A CHILD'S TOY—In Two Chapters: Chapter II..	708	CHARLES KINGSLEY. (With Portrait.) By George M. Towle....	717
ANSWERED. By F. K. Crosby.....	711	THE KING'S WOOING. By Edward Renaud.....	719
THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CORDOVA, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC. (With an Illustration.).....	711	OPIMUM-SMOKING IN LONDON.....	720
THE WINTER PALACE OF THE CREAM. By Alexander Young.....	713	TABLE-TALK.....	722
		LITERARY NOTES.....	723
		MISCELLANY.....	724
		FOREIGN ITEMS.....	726
		VARIETIES.....	727
		THE "HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY:" No. 2. (Illustration.).....	728

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